The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

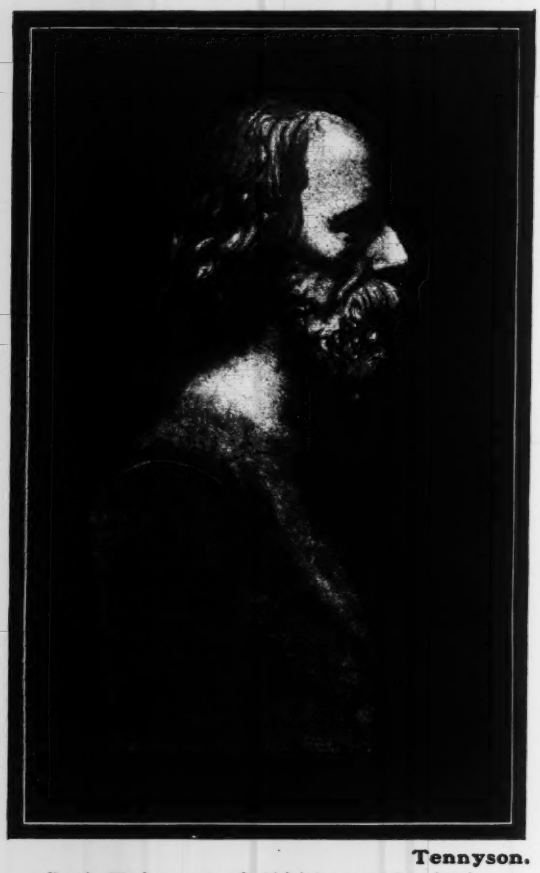
News Notes.

For permission to reproduce several of our Tennyson illustrations we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of the present Lord Tennyson, of Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Messrs. Seeley, Mr. John Murray, the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*, Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, Mr. A. R. Corns, of Lincoln, and Mr. William Michael Rossetti.

Mr. Thornycroft, R.A., is at work on a new statue of Tennyson that is to be erected in Trinity College, Cambridge.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
From a portrait in the possession of Hallam, Lord Tennyson, drawn by G. F. Watts, R.A., August, 1891.
From "The Works of Tennyson," annotated edition, edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.)

Dr. G. H. Dabbs, who was Tennyson's physician and knew him intimately for many years, has favoured us with a few notes of his personal recollections of the poet. "As is pretty well known," says Dr. Dabbs, "I was his doctor for about twenty-five years, and it is a satisfaction to me to remember his kind confidence in me down to his last hours. He was in many ways the most remarkable patient I ever had, and to me (as to others, in my experience of him) the most courteous. I have read a great deal and heard a great deal of the difficult man he was to get on with. Such testimony is strange to one who often saw him in considerable suffering, and yet always found him tolerant, full of equanimity, and patient to a wonderful degree. I have sometimes thought it must be another Tenny-



Tennyson.
Bust by Woolner, a copy of which it is proposed to place in Somersby Church.

son I was reading about. I can only speak of him as I found him. I have had a not inconsiderable experience as to the effects of disease (and its humiliations) upon character. I have seen the most placid become *difficile*, the most excitable become morose, depressed, and dangerous to themselves; no antagonism of the 'natural' but is fairly familiar to me in the 'unnatural' conditions of prolonged and painful illness; but I can truly say that the late Lord Tennyson's breadth of view was never narrowed down to any personal littleness of outlook by any suffering it was his lot to have to undergo. In fact, with the shadow of Death upon him he appeared to me to become more and more bravely gentle and considerate. That is my memory of him.

"As you and your readers are probably aware," Dr. Dabbs continues, "the late Poet Laureate was a quite unusual conversationalist and raconteur. During the sleepless night-watches of his penultimate illness—which was exceptionally long and painful—I was privileged to listen to him while he talked the implacable hours away. I will not say he discussed grave matters with me, but I can say that he allowed me to hear and know many of his views on men and things. Naturally, I cannot say more than this, as I was not listening to repeat. His last illness was terribly sharp and brief; in my view he contracted influenza when too weak in body to throw off the poison or survive its time-table duration. I fear he was doomed from the first: he never seemed really to rally.

"The few final hours are stamped indelibly on my memory: the open windows, the revealing moonlight, the 'suspense,' as it were, of Nature. There did not seem a single moving thing in that vast external silence. After all was over I went outside to think and—I dare say—to smoke. Hardly had I faced the south when a ripple of breeze shook the nearest shrub, and in ten minutes the wind was blowing a gale. It had been scorchingly hot all day with that perfervid autumnal heat that sometimes follows fine October weather. And here was the natural result. I sat there till I was chilled to the bone, and then sought the sleep I sorely needed. But none came to me that night, and not for a long time after could I find the benison of sustained rest. You ask if I have any mementoes of my great patient. Yes: I have the pen with which he signed the stage version of 'Becket,' and I have the pipe he tried last to smoke—the tobacco still in it." Dr. Dabbs has also a portrait of Tennyson (the one we reproduce on page 33). "one of the two last taken of him, I believe, and I recall that it was given to me shortly before his last and fatal illness."

The Tennyson Centenary Commemoration Committee, whose Chairman is the Mayor of Lincoln, has issued an appeal to lovers of Tennyson's poetry for a sum of money which will enable them to place in Somersby Church, with Mrs. Woolner's permission, a copy of Woolner's bust of the poet, and incidentally to put the church itself into substantial repair, the parishioners and neighbours having their hands full, at present, with the larger task of restoring the church of Bag Enderby, a parish ecclesiastically united to Somersby. Any one interested in this commemoration may have full particulars on sending a card to one of the secretaries to the Committee, the Rev. Alfred Hunt, Vicar of Welton, or Mr. A. R. Corns, City Librarian, Lincoln.

Mr. Archibald Marshall is at present in Australia, as special correspondent for the *Daily Mail*. On his return he purposes writing a novel dealing largely with the sea and with life aboard ship.

The address on Dr. Johnson that was delivered by Lord Rosebery at the Johnson Bicentenary Celebration at Lichfield, last month has been issued in pamphlet form by Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys.

We gave a brief account in our March Number of the Milton Tercentenary celebration at Bangalore; and an Indian correspondent now sends us a note on the celebration of the Tennyson Centenary in the same city on August 6. "The very wide popularity that Tennyson enjoys in India," he writes, "brought together a large and distinguished gathering of Indian and European ladies and gentlemen, under the auspices of the 'Friends' Union,' the leading literary society of the place. The seven lectures delivered on the occasion were on the Biography of Tennyson, by Principal A. R. Fuller; Minor Poems of Tennyson, by C. S. D. Dyer; Love Poems of Tennyson, by M. G. Varadachar; 'In Memoriam,' by Principal Stanley Cox; 'Idylls of the King,' by Professor F. R. Sell; 'Dramatic Works of Tennyson,' by Miss M. L. Butler, and 'The Humour of Tennyson,' by Arthur Mayhew. A small troupe of Indian boys performed recitations during the intervals. The lectures have since been published in book form by the *Daily Post*, Bangalore." The persons in the portrait below, which our correspondent is good enough to send us, reading from left to right are Professor F. R. Sell, Miss M. L. Butler, Principal Stanley Cox, Arthur Mayhew, Principal A. R. Fuller, M. G. Varadachar, and L. Swami Rao.

Mr. Frederick Nivens, author of that admirable novel, "Lost Cabin Mine," has written a romance of buccaneering that Mr. John Lane will publish next spring.

An important book that Messrs. Rebman announce for this autumn is "Progressive Redemption," by the Rev. Holden E. Sampson. It is a sequel to the same author's "Progressive Creation," and reviews the Catholic Church, its functions and offices in the world, in the light of the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Science.

Hitherto the middle classes, the great novel-readers, seem to have shown little appreciation for such satire as Anatole France provides in France,

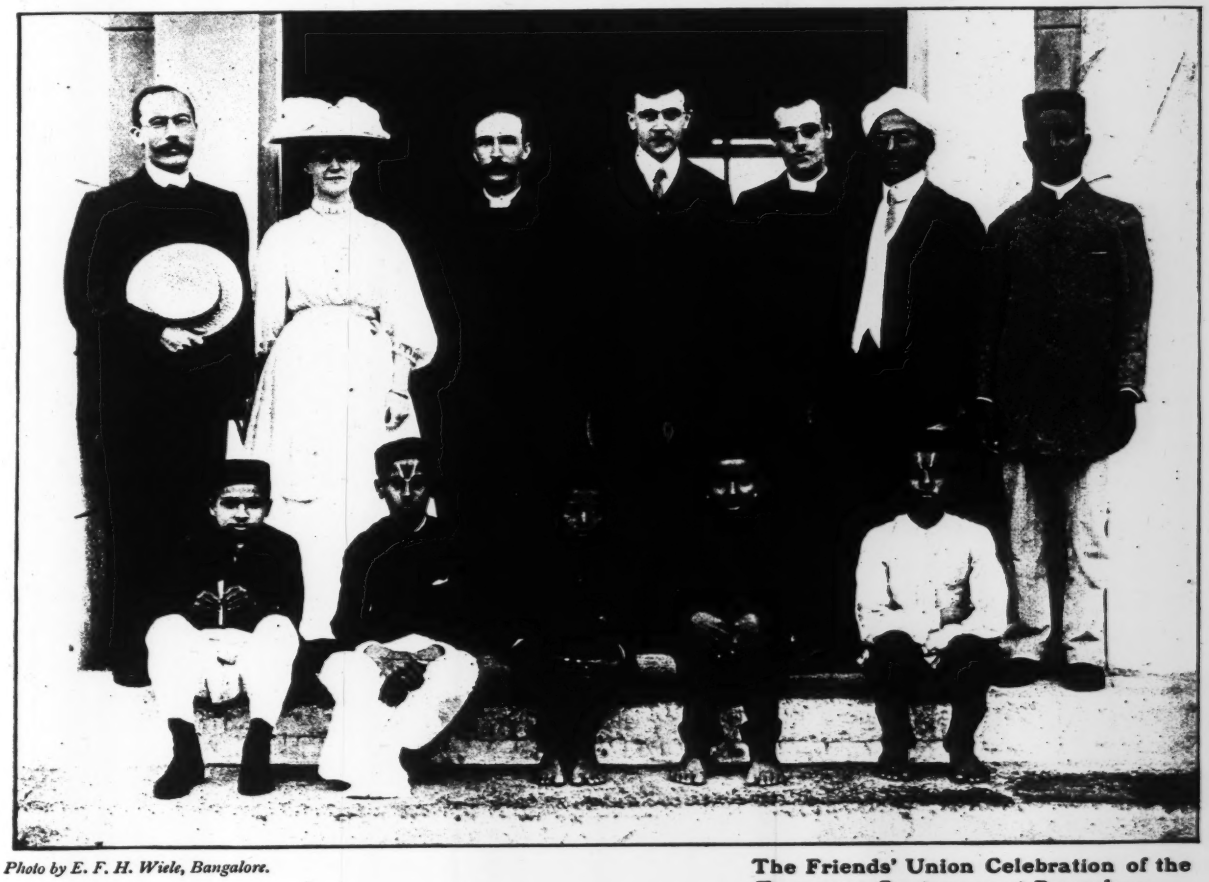


Photo by E. F. H. Wiele, Bangalore.

The Friends' Union Celebration of the Tennyson Centenary at Bangalore.

and few writers attempt on this side of the Channel, but of late there are signs that the English taste for irony is ripening. Few of our novelists write so well in this vein as Mr. Percy White, whose "Love and the Wise Men" bids fair to prove one of the successes of the season. Mr. White is engaged on another novel that Messrs. Methuen will publish next year, and is preparing a collection of his short stories for Messrs. Mills & Boon; in the meantime, he is working in collaboration on a dramatic version of his "House of Intrigue."

Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson is writing a Memoir of the Elizabethan period, and as soon as it is completed will get to work on a novel, probably a study of French life, which she has undertaken to write for Messrs. Methuen for next summer. Mrs. Rawson lives and works in an old English cottage by a little Thames village just under the Berkshire Downs; she is a hard worker and a quick one, and reckons to write one romantic novel each year and as many short stories as she can find time for. She believes that, so far as one can judge one's own books, her last novel, "Happiness," is the ripest bit of work she has done. When engaged on a story Mrs. Rawson never allows other interests to disturb her, and does her utmost to keep always within the atmosphere of the work in hand, whatever it may be. "I believe," she says, "and my belief is the sheer result of experience, that without atmosphere the creator of any work cannot work. It is the atmosphere which begets the characters and the story, so far as I am concerned."

Mr. Walter Jerrold's book on Middlesex, in the Highways and Byways Series, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan early this month. He is now making progress with his long-projected work on "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*," which is to contain some stories and jests of Douglas Jerrold's that have not hitherto been republished or identified

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Mr. Arthur Rackham has been illustrating in colour and in black and white new editions of "Gulliver's Travels" and "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," which Messrs. Dent are publishing this autumn.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month new editions of Kate Douglas Wiggin's (Mrs. Riggs) popular novels, "Rose o' the River" and "The Old Peabody Pew." They are issuing also this month a new book by Mrs. Riggs, "Susanna and Sue"—a tender and delightfully humorous story that will appeal to all the numerous admirers of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Kate Douglas Wiggin.**
(Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.)

Striking testimony was borne to the personal popularity of Mrs. Riggs in her own country when she recently held an annual Dorcas fair at Quillcote, her summer home in Hollis. She entertained some twelve hundred guests, who had come from every part of the compass within twenty miles of Salmon Falls, and the *Portland Daily Press*, concluding a long illustrated report of the remarkably successful gathering, says: "Surely her charm must be great to draw year after year, a decade nearly, these visitors to her side who come just to do her homage. She, with her sister and mother, all so alike, are, without doubt, the most widely known and beloved hostesses in Maine, and the beautiful old house, called Quillcote, is a fitting shrine."

The general public know Mr. Allen Upward chiefly as the author of fiction which he has written, as it were, under protest, and has frequently signed with reluctance; his literary ambitions drawing him in a quite other direction. Messrs. Alston

Photo by Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham. **Mrs. Penny.**

Rivers are just issuing a new novel of his, "Lord Alstair's Rebellion," and a new edition of his successful "Secrets of the Past." Invalided out of the Nigerian Service in 1902, after receiving the thanks and congratulations of his chief, Sir. F. D. Lugard, Mr. Upward was obliged to relinquish the prospect of further employment by Mr. Chamberlain's Department, and his friends are now hopeful that his exceptional qualifications, which include the highest honours of the English and Irish Bars, may be acknowledged by a judicial or other appointment that would give him opportunity to do further work on the lines of "The New Word," a vindication of spiritual truth which many of its admirers have been recommending for the Nobel Prize.

"The Unlucky Mark," the new novel by Mrs. F. E. Penny that Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published, is founded on a widely spread superstition in India that animals have lucky and unlucky marks which bring fortune or misfortune to their owners. The scene is laid at Bangalore and the Government Remount Depot hard by, and one of the principal characters is a Hindu agitator who, through a mistake, purchases a horse with an unlucky mark. An Anglo-Indian love-story runs through the book, which, incidentally, illustrates the racial hatred between Mohammedans and Hindus.

Mrs. Penny is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Farr, Rector of Gillingham, Norfolk; her mother was the daughter of Robert Knipe Cobbold, of Bredfield Hall, Suffolk; and, through her mother, she is the great-niece of the Rev. Richard Cobbold, the author of "Margaret Catchpole." Within a mile of Gillingham Rectory, where she passed her girlhood, stands Goldstone Hall, where Edward FitzGerald was a frequent guest, and in the "Wilderness," that delightful portion of the Hall gardens so often mentioned in his Life, she frequently met FitzGerald as he paced the long, sunny walk listening to the nightingales. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Penny became a student at Queen's College, Harley Street. She married her brother's college friend, the Rev. Frank Penny, an Indian chaplain on the Madras establishment, and spent nearly a quarter of a century in the south of India, and during that time paid several visits to Ceylon. Many strange stories in her books she learned directly from the natives themselves; she has reproduced the atmosphere of her Indian and Ceylon life in her novels and in that volume of her reminiscences, "On the Coromandel Coast," which was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

America is the happy hunting-ground for poets; they may get honour there, and even a little money. Many of our own have won an easier and warmer welcome on the other side of the Atlantic than they

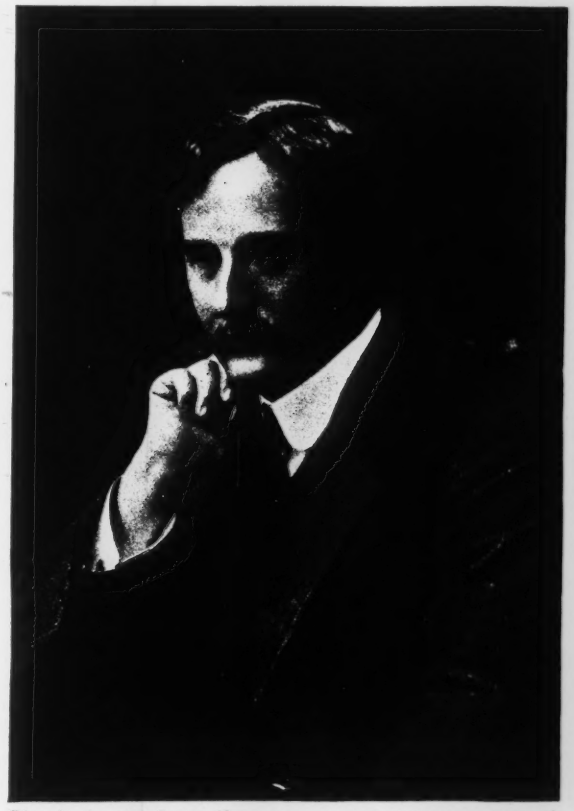

Photo by Augustus Cooper, Harrow. **Mr. Arthur Lewis.**

obtained in the country of their birth, and Mr. Arthur Lewis, whose new volume of poems, "Wind o' the West," has just been produced by Mr. Elkin Mathews, is one of these. Mr. Lewis has spent much of his time in France and Italy, and found inspiration in Italy for his two earliest poetic works: "Ginevra," a drama of fourteenth-century Florence, founded on a local legend of one who escaped from the tomb—a legend that was handled in a fine fragment by Shelley; and "Days of Old Rome," a series of verse pictures of the Imperial city. Since writing these poems abroad, Mr. Lewis has been living in England, and has published a sequence of small books: "Ways of Verse," "Thirty Rhymes," "A Pompeian Episode," "Enamels," and "The Pursuit of Beauty," a didactic poem which contains some of the best work he has yet accomplished. These last two volumes were printed by the author himself on a private press, and in limited editions only.

Messrs. Smith Elder are publishing a book on "The Small Garden Useful" by Mr. A. C. Curtis, who has set himself to show the owner of a small garden how to make the best use of it in raising vegetables for his own table, and to help him with plans and precepts of practical suggestiveness, as in his "Small Garden Beautiful" he furnished a guide for the cultivation of the flower-garden.

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Roger Ingpen.**

Editor of "The Letters of Shelley," reviewed on page 29.

Successful Cropping—Celery, Broccoli, etc., following Green Peas—Early August.

From "The Small Garden Useful," by A. C. Curtis. (Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. Fred Reynolds, author of "The Lady in Grey," "St. David of the Dust," and other well-known Welsh stories, has purchased a cottage at Llanbedr (the Llanurtw of her successful novel, "The Man with the Wooden Face"), and intends to pass much of her time among the scenery she has made so pleasantly familiar to readers of her books.

Priestcraft and witchcraft play a large part in Mr. Rider Haggard's new romance, "The Lady of Blossholme." It is an historical novel of the days of Henry VIII., and will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The same firm are issuing Mr. Morice Gerard's new romance, "The King's Signet," in which Mr. Gerard returns again to those changeful, glamorous eras just before and just after Charles II. was king.

We congratulate our enterprising contemporary *Public Opinion* on arriving at its two

thousand five hundredth number. Under the brilliant editroship of Mr. Percy L. Parker it has become more than ever the busy man's indispensable summary of the week's news in literature, and the drama, science, art, politics, and the general affairs of the world. The 2,500th number is well worthy of the occasion and contains, in addition to the usual features, reprints from the first number, a summary of events that were happening in the early 'sixties, when the paper started, a brief history of *Public Opinion's* career, and notes about some of the famous men who have been connected with it.

A particularly interesting ceremony is to take place at Stratford-on-Avon on the 6th inst., when Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, will open Harvard House to the public. Harvard House was the home of Katherine Rogers, mother of John Harvard, the founder of the great American University. Some time ago Miss Marie Corelli felt that this ancient building, one of the finest sixteenth-century dwellings in England, ought to become the property of the Harvard University, and on her expressing this opinion, Mr. Edward Morris, of Chicago, purchased the house and presented it to the University. Under Miss Corelli's supervision it was repaired and carefully restored to its original condition, and is now, thanks to the famous novelist's taste and her intimate knowledge of the architecture of the period, a more perfect specimen of an Elizabethan building than is the patchwork birthplace of Shakespeare. A distinguished gathering of authors and journalists will be present at the opening ceremony and will afterwards be the guests of Miss Marie Corelli to luncheon at Mason Croft.

Ann Veronica, who gives her name to Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, is said to be such an uncompromisingly modern girl that she is in advance of her time. She lives in London and takes an active share in the social, ethical, and intellectual movements of the day, but with all her modernity she is old-fashioned enough to love and to be loved, and in the main her story is very much of a love story. Mr. Fisher Unwin announces the book for the 4th inst.

Dr. William Wordsworth, whose poems are the subject of an article in this number by Dr. M. Macmillan, is the grandson of the Lake Poet. He was born in 1835, entered the Indian Civil Service in 1861, and was for many years Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay. Since his retirement in 1890 he has been living in Capri. He was the

Photo by Fred. Ahrlé & Co., Bombay.

Dr. William Wordsworth.

second LL.D. of the Bombay University, the Marquis of Ripon being the first. Dr. Wordsworth is his own severest critic, and his poems have so far been printed only in a limited edition and for private circulation.

"Fred, and Maria, and Me," by Mrs. E. P. Prentiss, a charming little book that has long been a kind of homely classic in America, is to be published for the first time in this country by Messrs. Putnam, who also announce "The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage," a new novel by Miss Alice MacGowan. As in her earlier story, "Judith of the Cumberlands," the scene is laid among the mountains of Tennessee, where families of old English stock have for many generations past lived wholly cut off from the world at large.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Constable, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Pitman, Messrs. Duckworth, and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *September* 14, 1909.

THERE are in the world we live in quite a large number of ways of making oneself unpleasant. An eccentric young woman named, I think, Mary McLean, gained in America a short-lived but intense notoriety by writing a book of confessions, the most striking part of which consisted of a list of all the unpleasantnesses from which she wished to be delivered. She should have included in her list and marked with a star that particular unpleasantness which lies in the odious and banal type of criticism that insists on calling authors by such names as "The American Kipling" or "The French Shakespeare" or "The Finnish Guy Thorne" or "The Japanese George Eliot," as the case may be.

I have in the past week heard three people speak of three different authors as "The American Kipling," and I should be happy to join my inventiveness to that of these three authors and of Mr. Kipling to the end that we might conceive some equally obnoxious form of christening to apply to these people. To call any author "The American Kipling" is at once an insult to Mr. Kipling and to the author. It is an insult which is frequently applied to O. Henry.

O. Henry is, so far, an exclusively American personage. I am told that no book of his has ever been published in England, and that no story of his has ever been printed in an English magazine. In America, on the other hand, he is one of the prime, perhaps the prime short story teller. He is sought after by American editors with the same enthusiasm that animates the American heiress who seeks after a coronet; he is paid at about the same rate. Just what this rate comes to in dollars and cents I do not know, and the same extravagant stories are told about it as are told about the fees paid to prime-donne. I do not think there is any doubt, however, that he has been paid more than $1,000 for a single tale, a price which runs out at something like tenpence for every word.

Just now, I hear O. Henry has in mind the writing of a long novel—his first venture in writing a continued story. A friend of his tells me he is going to call it "The Circle," and that it will be about a young man who lived on a farm and thought he couldn't be content till he could go to live in the city, and when he got to the city couldn't be happy till he had made enough money to retire and live again on the farm.

That "one man's meat is another man's poison" is not more true of physical food than of mental food—speaking internationally. That is to say, books are bad travellers; and a story which is thrilling in Brooklyn will put Clapham to sleep. The charm, curiously enough, of the very best of our American stories and of the very worst (even in books badness has sometimes a charm!) seems to survive exportation. Witness, for example, Henry James and Nick Carter; the former is known to nearly every intellectual English person, and the latter is the literary pet of masses of French *gamins*. In between the best and the worst is a large class of tremendously popular writers whose names are on our tongues every day over here and who are, in many cases, little more than names—if as much—anywhere else.

There is, for example, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, whose main reputation in England is in connection with a play called "Brewster's Millions." However, here in his own country the creation of "Graustark," a mythical kingdom, about which Mr. McCutcheon has written several stories of the blithe type which American magazine editors describe as "optimistic," is his chief claim to note. He has another such book appearing this autumn with Dodd Mead called "Truxton King: A Story of Graustark." Meantime, according to a note which he sent to me from Chicago the other day, he is working on a novel the principal scenes and characters of which have to do, not with Graustark, but with circus life in the United States shortly after the Civil War.

Another of these writers who is immeasurably more popular in his own country than abroad is Robert W. Chambers. Figures in book sales are nearly as difficult of actual realisation as are those in the distances from the earth to the sun or the stars. Some one said once that the average human mind was incapable of forming any real idea of any number over one thousand, but this, like many other true statements, is doubtless an exaggeration. However, the total sales of Mr. Chambers's works in this country represent so huge a number as to be nearly meaningless, so far as the conveying of any concrete idea is concerned.

A report has somehow got about that his new story, "The Danger Mark," is a *roman à clef*, which rumour doubtless will yet further increase the bulk of his sales It is not easy to understand why people are always so immensely tickled at the thought that a novelist, instead of going to the trouble to imagine his incidents and characters, has plagiarised from life. It is not unreasonable that readers should be interested in novels dealing with the lives of living persons in a free fashion, if these living persons are of sufficient note to be familiar to them, but why any one should become excited at a possible resemblance between the heroine of "The Danger Mark" and some Miss So-and-So, moderately well known in New York Society (and never even heard of by more than perhaps five hundred of the book's readers), it is difficult to imagine.

There is nothing which is more pleasing to a novelist and more irritating to the bulk of his readers than a frequent change in the type of story written. Mr. H. G. Wells is especially active in these rapid changes. No sooner has the public learned to appreciate him as

a writer of scientific romance than he takes to writing books like "Kipps." The public tries to keep up with him, ill at ease as an old lady chasing a motor omnibus, and no sooner catches up with him and begins to understand and like him in his new style, than he writes quite a new type of book like "Tono-Bungay," and the old lady has to clutch her skirts and get out of breath all over again. The novelist, naturally enough, likes to prove his mastery in different branches of story-telling, but it's all very upsetting to an ease-loving public.

The public takes the only revenge it can, and sometimes permits it to be supposed that it would have bought more copies of Mr. Blank's novels had not Mr. Blank that disturbing habit of popping out always so unexpectedly in fresh places. Amongst Americans, it would seem that Mr. Meredith Nicholson was likely throughout his career to be especially upsetting to the conventional public. He started, so far as his popularity was concerned, by writing a mystery story which appealed to the masses on both sides of the Atlantic under the title of "The House of the Thousand Candles." Presently he surprised us all by doing a delightful satire called "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," and now, according to a report which one of his friends gave me recently, he is writing a psychological story.

It is not my province to include in this Letter criticisms of American books—indeed, why should I waste any space and my readers' attention on such matter, when it is plain that the American book which is worth reviewing gets to London eventually, and is reviewed on the spot, while the American book that does not attain to an English publisher is not usually worthy of review? In mentioning, therefore, a novel called "A Certain Rich Man" I have no wish to lay aside the pen of the gossip in order to assume that of the critic, but am desirous only to call attention to a story which is, of all that I have read for many seasons, the most characteristically American.

"A Certain Rich Man" is by William Allen White (who is editor of a provincial Western newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*), and America has consumed six editions of it in about a month. It is as long and rambling as a book by William De Morgan. It is as oppressively moral as a nursery tale. It has not (except in so far as it follows the life of the "Rich Man") any particular plot. And yet it is an exceedingly memorable story. I confess to a sincere curiosity as to what reception English readers will give this book over Macmillan's imprint.

There are some books, according to Charles Lamb, which are not books at all. Amongst these *biblia-a-biblia*, he names such things as directories, almanacs, court calendars, scientific treatises, and the works of Gibbon and Hume. He says nothing, however, about cookery-books in this connection, and one is compelled to think he considered cookery-books as worthy of the latter half of their name. The American literary papers, therefore, have eminent authority for doing something which at first glance seems unsuitable.

This is the devoting of considerable space in their pages to a resumé of the career of the late Miss Maria Parloa, a woman of national distinction as an author of works on cookery. The sound of Miss Parloa's name has been for years as familiar to American ears as the strains of "Yankee Doodle." Her books have sold by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, and have taken through life the place of Shakespeare and Mark Twain to many a worthy housewife. Her death is a bereavement to the American people, and on Charles Lamb's authority we can pronounce it a loss to literature as well.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1 to November 1, 1909.

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TENNYSON—A FRAGMENT.

By Dr. William Barry.

TO the young pilgrims who are now fronting with eager eyes a morrow that will surely be unlike yesterday, Tennyson cannot loom so large as he did upon us, his votaries of a generation ago. For he was our living poet, cunningly reminiscent of the great old bards, himself a classic; but in him, as we knew, were many songs waiting to be uttered in sounds most musical, to measures not less various than sweet. His charm took every ear; he was popular yet delicately refined, a celebrity and a recluse, a teacher and a friend and a lover; ardent but deliberate, modern and still archaic, reserved or elusive when he seemed to give the world all his confidence. We worshipped a shadow and went after an echo; and if by chance we met the man, our lips were dumb, for what could we say to him? I recall the one moment when that happened to me, down among his flowering lanes, in summer-time, not far from the sea that beats upon his island. He looked in those years like his own King Arthur, for height and nobleness, but was dark or grey in tone rather than the hero of the golden crest. It is always a strange experience when we see face to face a great man whose very heart we think is known to us, but who stands aloof in the courtesy that forbids a step nearer. How many such silent worshippers he had, the sensitive shy Tennyson, hidden at Farringford behind the screen of trees where we drove by and learned something of his earlier days from acquaintance who had watched the new star swim into the horizon of English poetry! That moment was thirty-three years back; and critics are asking "Will the Victorian Laureate keep his place, or another fashion discrown him?" Byron is a memory, and much of Wordsworth is dead, and the lyrical tales of Scott have lost their hold upon a time half-mystical, half-sensuous. What will be left of Tennyson?

From the painting by Samuel Laurence.

Tennyson.

"Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the *best* painted portrait I have seen, and certainly the *only* one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all, to my thinking."—Edward FitzGerald.

Who is he that knows? Not I, assuredly. But during seventy years (reckoning from 1842)—almost as long as Victor Hugo reigned in France—the poet of "In Memoriam" has wielded a magic sceptre, with ever-growing might, over the imaginations of English men and English women. It is said that no other instance of a sovereignty so undisputed can be found in our records. Tennyson's day may be closing; but he has had it—a day of pure delight, of romance and tenderness and piety, of a joy made pensive by regrets, and an aspiration turning sometimes wistfully towards even the "mouldered lodges of the past." There was always this under-current, Homeric, Virgilian, Shakespearean, flowing beneath, as the stream bore us onwards. And only those who were then beginning to explore the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," or who felt for the first time that melancholy which haunts the "Æneid," or were caught in the enchantments of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will realise how Tennyson became an interpreter and herald of the grandest literature to his younger contemporaries. We learned his lines so well that we quoted them incessantly and needed not to open his pages any more. After Shakespeare, who never undergoes eclipse, he was our master of light and music. With his remembrance youth returns, and who but will melt into pathos on calling up again that golden prime?

He gave us the exquisite best of an England now changing rapidly to something else, more complex, not so beautiful. The dewy daisied lawns, the stately colleges, the country mansions, the woods and waters, the fair waste places, the garden and the heath; no vast prospects, but a familiar landscape touched with loneliness; and a people neither passionate nor eloquent, in the lowest ranges rude or sentimental—"The Northern Farmer," "The May Queen"—but in those where he dwelt by preference proud, self-reliant, gravely good-mannered, hard to persuade, impossible to subdue. His college classics are themselves English; the Homer he translates or adapts, the Horace he could recite

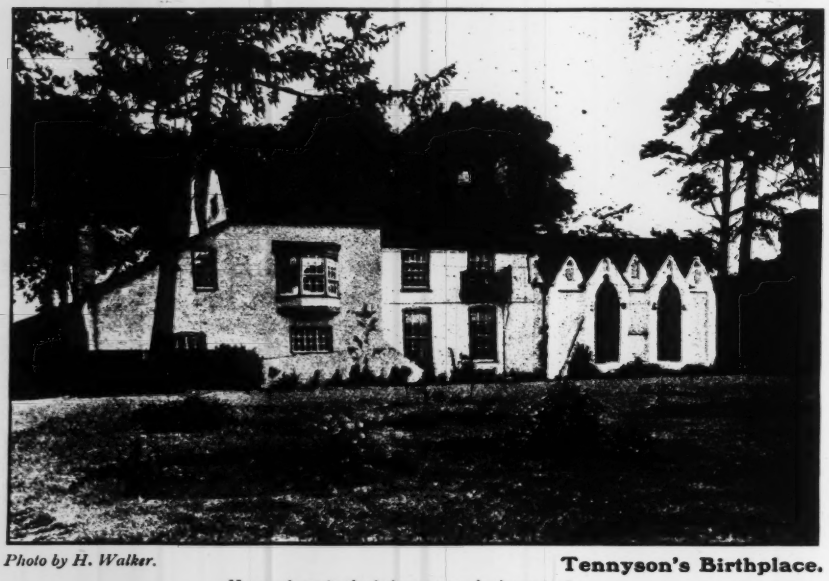


Photo by H. Walker. **Tennyson's Birthplace.**
He was born in the balcony room in August, 1809.

without book, the Virgil who whispers to him from a heart over-fraught, were those revealed to him at Cambridge. He is never in foreign lands at home; he meditates in the Valley of Cauteretz on vanished friends, and salutes the Lago di Garda, "Lari Maxime," with a cultivated scholar's enthusiasm, but still as a tourist. He exalted Victor Hugo as "Lord of human tears"; but that praise which truly belongs to another—to the Mantuan or the Florentine—is a courtly compliment. Tennyson could find little in the French character that did not provoke him to scorn; and, unless I mistake, he borrowed from none of their poets. Almost, if not quite, as strange in his eyes were the famous Italians. He spoke of "In Memoriam" with a desire that it should be compared to Dante's apocalypse; but the relation, as I will point out, is one of contrast, not of similarity. He chants "The Voyage of Maeldune" and clothes it with his peculiar grace; yet he is no Celt. And though he would fain have cast over the "Idylls of the King" a glamour such as we yield to unresistingly in the "Mabinogion," I think he uses a different spell; nay, if it be not too bold, let me define him as a mystic by hearsay, not by experience. At any rate, for all his

Photo by H. Walker. **The Font in Somersby Church in which Tennyson was baptized.**

wheeling flights towards the sun, he comes back to rest in the lush grass and among the tremulous reeds that bend down by his native rivulets, sighing as they stoop.

English-classic, therefore, I call Tennyson, brought up liberally on the fine old system of our Universities, like Milton or Newman—on much the same books and literary traditions as they were. But he is also English-romantic, a flower springing up, all scent and blossom, from the burning heart of Shelley; he is an opulent and more fortunate Keats, whose name shall not be writ in water. He has taken and mastered the rich harmonies of these, our Dioscuri, twin births in the nineteenth century from Elizabethan ancestors, who recovered a lost language and invoked Madre Natura, "Thou wonder, and thou beauty, and thou terror." If Tennyson does not throw round about us the translucent air which is Shelley's secret, never since deciphered, he can create an atmosphere of such infinite gradations in tone that we must apply to it Queen Guinevere's praise, "The low sun makes the colour." He runs through the whole gamut, indeed; but where Shelley is aërial Tennyson thickens his dyes and you feel as well as see the crimson and gold—of which a supreme instance flashes out upon us when Lancelot is described in "The Lady of Shalott." Again, set side by side "A Dream of Fair Women" and "The Witch of Atlas"; both are miracles of sensuous impression, but in Shelley the light shines more clearly, while the "Dream" has a solid visual weight, such as words produce in Théophile Gautier's poems, with dimensions ascertainable. This was the manner of Keats, and in his successor it might have continued much longer, had not the tragedy intervened of Arthur Hallam's death and of Tennyson's mental breakdown.

Tennyson's Mother.
"Locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."
Isabel.

For seventeen years, from 1833 to 1850, as M. Faguet reckons, the poet moved with faltering steps along the Valley of the Shadow. He lost his friend, his home, his

fortune, his health. He was parted almost violently from his hoped-for bride, and the separation lasted ten years. From a dilettante exercising himself in all the keys of rhyme, gracious and fantastical, but more of an artist-amateur than a prophet, he was transmuted by sorrow "into something rich and strange"; he found a message and flung it upon all the winds. "In Memoriam," the central poem of his life, was intimate, personal, and religious after the reserved English manner, an heroic act bearing witness that friendship might inspire a devotion deep as love, that faith could pluck its horror from the grave. Men of letters compared these hundred and thirty studies in melancholy, relieved by pious meditation, to Shakespeare's "Sonnets," not without justice. But while the "Sonnets" present a marvellous exhibition of feeling everywhere untrammelled, and are perhaps the strongest thing achieved by the English Renaissance at its height, "In Memoriam" is a Christian threnody—Christian, however vague in outline or wavering in its course; and English-Liberal Christian, which may be dated exactly, coming between the age of established conventions and the anarchy that has broken them up into the chaos of our time.

Here, beyond a doubt, Tennyson set as much store by the substance, as he wrought assiduously upon the metre and carried it to perfection, of his Credo in verse. And multitudes acclaimed him accordingly. This vein of moralising puzzles the French, who insist that art shall teach nothing; and when they observe it in Wordsworth, Dickens, Thackeray, they declare it is not art. To deny that quality in Tennyson, however, would recoil upon themselves; for he can never touch a problem

Photo by J. Mayall. **Tennyson.**

"'Nature's idea' in Tennyson's face must be sought in the great Mayall photograph."—Theodore Watts-Dunton in the *Magazine of Art.*

Photo by O. G. Rejlander. **Tennyson.**

but he gives to it the beauty of a lucent form, and leaves us admiring if not always enlightened. Thus he won recognition from thousands who made of his quiet stanzas a defence against the unbeliever, but who could have granted to "Œnone" or "Ulysses" no more merit than such splendid college-exercises deserved in their eyes. My feeling is somewhat different. Those Greek exercises will live when much of "In Memoriam" (once the quarry from which apologetics drew quotations) has faded before the immense Eastern systems now advancing upon us. It is a remarkable piece of irony that Tennyson's dear friend, Edward FitzGerald, should have been destined to antiquate, if not really to answer, the affirmations of the Christian, by the musical blasphemies of Omar Khayyam. A parallel between these high achievements, both perhaps equal as works of art, would repay the critic; but I know not if any one has attempted it.

At Balliol College a debate which I remember was inaugurated by Mr. Wilfrid Ward's recollections (afterwards printed) of Tennyson in his last years. The main question, started by the present writer, moved round "In Memoriam" and the musings which continued it down to "Crossing the Bar." My argument or criticism went to show that, all along, the English singer was haunted by apprehensions which clouded his mind, as of Æneas and his companions "under the feeble moon's malignant light," whereas Dante, boldly plunging into the abyss from which our Liberal poet turned with a shiver, ascends out of it triumphant, rising at length to the starry empyrean of the Saints, whom he beholds as the Rose of Heaven. And this plain difference does but emphasise the saying of Goethe that ages of faith are fruitful in a kind of greatness

denied to ages of doubt. Lucretius, who is the master of philosophic verse, cannot be held as an instance to the contrary, nor can the Persian Omar, since both were inspired by a positive creed, and had no doubt that the prevailing religion was false. He who mourned his lost Arthur could only feel how much he desired religion should be true. To him the invisible world (if it existed) was the land very far off, not the Dantean gloom of the guilty in a universe created by their misdeeds, or the joy and splendour of ransomed souls in a Vision Beatific. When he describes landscapes, flowers, transient gleams at dawn or eventide, Tennyson has eyes that see and syllables that paint. But when the objects of Christian belief are to be made manifest, he cannot do it. "Behind the veil, behind the veil," he cries pathetically. Not light but feeling is the element in which he dwells; and it was the mood which bound him to Carlyle, who falls into a rage or sheds tears of fire when he looks upon that darkness visible. "We have but faith, we cannot know," and such faith is not truly assurance. It was the half-questioning, half-asserting note, common in those years, that awakened the sympathy because it expressed the temper of so many, who doubted while they prayed to an Unknown God.

Photo by Rev. W. Bainbridge. **Manor Farm, Somersby.**

Supposed to be the original of Tennyson's "Moated Grange."

"The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."—*Mariana.*

Tennyson is the least Catholic of poets. In the "Morte d'Arthur," as Malory fashions it after a most happy inspiration, the great epic of the Middle Ages found its unity. The chivalrous quest, ending in Arthur's translation to Avilion where he sleeps, was heightened into the quest of the Holy Grail and Sir Galahad's crowning as its keeper, in Sarras the spiritual city. It is the Iliad of Catholic heroes, the Odyssey of the Holy Eucharist. How, then, does Tennyson handle it? With light and tender touches; with skilled selection of word and phrase, ancient-seeming but modern in their conscious adaptation; with dim rich blazonings of a dream-architecture; with a prevailing feminism, thanks to which Guinevere, Enid, Elaine, Vivien, eclipse Arthur himself, Geraint, Lancelot, Merlin; with only faintest, however reverent, allusions to the high mystery which consecrates the

From a drawing by E. Hull. **The Old Grammar School, Louth.**

"How I did hate that school! The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words, 'Sonus desilientis aquæ,' and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows."—*Tennyson.*

(Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.)

Photo by A. A. Temple. **Shiplake Church.**

Where Tennyson was married to Miss Emily Sellwood, June 13, 1850.

Table Round. Instead of an epic, behold a succession of love-stories to while away the summer afternoon — Idylls indeed, or cunningly wrought tapestries in faded colours, hung out before the temple of the Grail. And Sir Galahad, though he achieves the quest, is but one in a crowd of knights, the true hero, even in that adventure, being Lancelot, who saw, or did not see, the glorious vision. This I think significant of the whole. A fine pageant, a holiday theme; not the wild, ecstatic, suffering, yearning mediæval spirit that drove crusaders on to conquer the Holy Sepulchre and recover

Photo by H. Walker. **The Market Place, Louth.**

The shop on the extreme right is the one where Jackson lived, the bookseller who bought the MS. of "Poems by Two Brothers."

Photo by H. Walker. **Tennyson's Cottage at Mablethorpe.**

Where he spent many holidays by the sea.

the "vanished vase of God," but "King Arthur as a modern gentleman," very English in his courtesy, for whom the deadly word "correct" is not unfitting, but as regards all that made the Catholic knight a champion of the Cross, even as his maker terms him, "a gray shadow." Nor has the "adulterous time" of which Malory depicted more than was needful not left its fingermarks here and there upon the "Idylls." But my present aim is to suggest how far from the genuine Catholic mediæval world Tennyson has wandered, although he dedicated years and years to its subject, the most inspiring after that of "The Divine Comedy." When, therefore, it is said by Taine or M. Faguet that in the "Idylls" we may salute the Arthurian Epic of which Milton dreamt, I can but reply that his Arthur, like Spenser's Artegal, is neither old British nor Catholic, but a Sir Philip Sidney in the one instance, a Prince Albert in the other, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," not the shining example we desiderate of the heroic wedded to the supernatural, and sanctified by the Real Presence of Christ.

We must take our poets as they are given and be thankful;

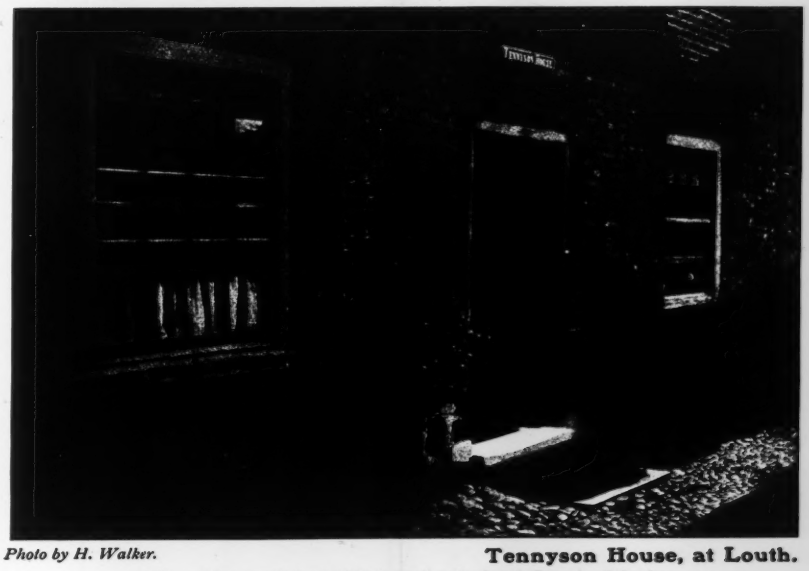


Photo by H. Walker. **Tennyson House, at Louth.**

Where Tennyson lodged whilst a pupil at the Louth Grammar School.

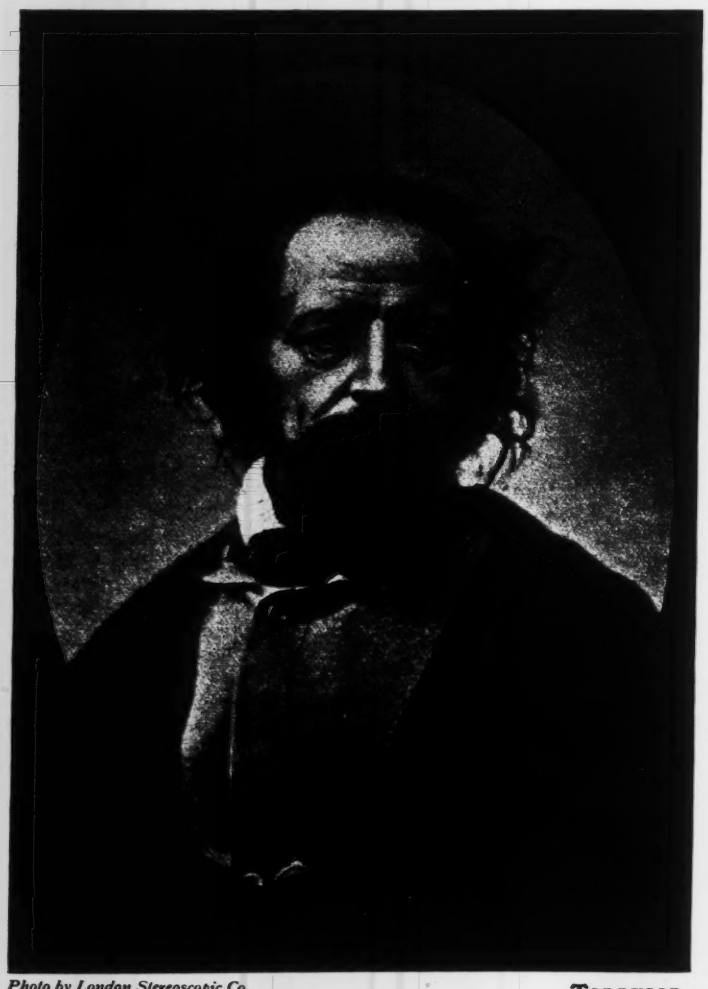


Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **Tennyson.**
Taken between 1866 and 1869.

I quite agree. All I am anxious for is their true interpretation. The "Idylls" may live and delight the Elaines of a century hence, as they have shaped the fancies of our young ladies in the Victorian era; but the Epic of Briton, Saxon, Roman in conflict, and of the religion that subdued all three, has not yet been hammered out upon the anvil of verse in our literature. Malory gives more than Tennyson; the Welsh Mabinogion has a wild magic in its primitive folktales that the Merlin of these vignettes cannot grasp or control. There are many things not complimentary to be said of another who took for his achievement the Holy Grail—I mean Richard Wagner. Still, who may deny that his Parsifal, and even his Lohengrin, stand before us enchanted? And how much more terrible is the passion of his "Tristan" than the corresponding episode in the "Idylls"! Not as if Tennyson, like Hippolytus in the play, had refused to lay garlands on the altar of Aphrodite. He has left utterances glowing with ardour caught from the fires of the Renaissance in "Maud," in "The Princess," and in sudden epithets that Catullus would not disown. Glancing, however, through these versified love-scenes, if we except "Vivien," we perceive that a reticence as conventional as that of Dickens forbids the poet, who is also the Laureate, to exceed due bounds. The "Idylls" were composed for reading at court, and their feminism has enhanced their purity of sentiment.

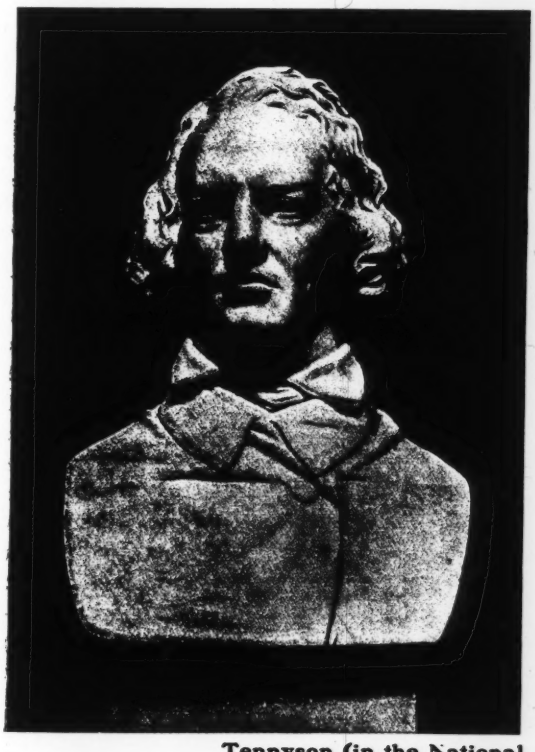
Others will have enlarged on the simple yet subtle influences of the blank verse which, little by little, Tennyson drew out, as might an alchemist, from the infinite store of metres in Shakespeare, Milton, and some later poets. It ranges over an immense variety of keys, and is equal to all demands, rich at times with a fulness that almost cloys, but mostly direct in its appeal and, so to say, watchful of the effect. It never sweeps along in a flood; we feel that every single line has been polished for its own sake; and however enticing, it is seldom spontaneous. The numbers (to use a good old phrase) are swift, energetic, light-armed. In the "Idylls" no two characters speak differently; the words are as short as can be found among Saxon syllables; there is no aim at eloquence, but so fine a choice of expression that the last attribute we should assign to it would be naïveté. And for this reason Tennyson is not Homeric. The life which he suggests rather than pictures at Camelot is strangely over-civilised. He brings before us neither the Welsh bard—the druid such as Taliesin—nor the priest; they would not fit in with his world of cavaliers and ladies, who belong to the twelfth century, not the sixth.

When he published "The Princess," it met with scant approval from admirers of his early poems. Carlyle and FitzGerald thought his vein exhausted. And perhaps he never did excel or approach the Elizabethan sweetness of his youth, in him so remarkable. But "The Princess" contains a passionate outpouring of love when Ida surrenders, not to be dimmed by anything else of the kind from our English Helicon. It was a true instinct which led the singer to transpose and

Louth.
Where Tennyson spent much time in his earlier years. Here he attended the Grammar School, and here his first poems were published.
(Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.)

modernise the personages as well as the terms of debate; for he knew his own generation marvellously well, but the language of Froissart would not tell the tale as he shaped it. His lyrical interludes were entrancing—what is there in English to compare with "Tears, idle tears"? How we linger upon the echo-song! how the heart beats time stormily to "Home they brought her warrior dead"! The mingling of such varied strains is essentially modern; we live so many lives at once, and our amusements are problem-plays. But let it be observed that here too, as in all else of Tennyson, the woman is the conqueror, even when she yields. His own experience, with its fallings away into deliquium, its unavailing trials, and the shadow of something like insanity hovering near, had left him sensitive, inwardly dreading the worst; and he stamped his heroes with a character not unlike Hamlet's, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." We hear a personal accent in "Locksley Hall"; it is the poet himself that takes up in "Maud" the charge against social distinctions, as if they murdered love, to which he gives a yet sterner setting in "Aylmer's Field." His public did not want such vehement denunciations of a world which went very well for them, in their favourite troubadour. They frowned, and he never repeated the offence. Yet he was capable of writing a tragic elegy, as "Rizpah" showed; pity that he did not defy his public oftener!

I say nothing of Tennyson's dramas; they leave me cold. In any case they did not help to form my generation, appearing so late. If I had to choose one volume, to pluck an anthology from this fair inheritance, I know what I would do. On no account would I give up the "Greek Idylls"—it is a name that suits them—"Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Œnone," "The Lotus Eaters," to which that astonishing and pathetic "Lucretius" claims to be added by divine right. I would take the "Palace of Art" and "A Dream of Fair Women" as, in some sense, rendering to me a second Chaucer's "House of Fame." I would sift "In Memoriam," leaving out the philosophy but keeping all the odes which are sacred to friendship. Among the "Idylls" only two would seem indispensable, "Guinevere" and "The Passing of Arthur." I should like all "The Princess," but feel uncertain what to take or leave except the songs. The patriotic and Laureate poems I could live without, almost wholly. Of "Enoch Arden," as of other versified stories, I do not feel that any is quite a supreme thing in art; and "Maud" is too unbrokenly sad; these, therefore, I should put from me, not as undervaluing them, but because they lessen the joy of life unduly. Some other songs and stanzas would complete my volume. I agree with M. Faguet that "In Memoriam" does honour not only to the poet himself but to humanity. Nevertheless, when I needed to make the "great act of faith and hope" which it would fain utter, I should turn to a mightier bard and a more resolute Christian—to Dante and the "Paradiso." From any one of our poets we ask that which he alone can give, his revelation of the beauty and the worth abiding ever secretly in man, in the universe, and by some happy chance disclosed to whom God favours. I believe my volume, thus conceived, would hold in it the unique Tennyson; and that its place would be secure among the treasures of English poetry.



Tennyson (in the National Portrait Gallery).

A marble bust, copied by Miss Grant from the original, sculptured from life by Thomas Woolner, R.A., in 1887.

Men of the Day: "The Poet Laureate."

July 22, 1871.

(By permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*.)

TENNYSON.

THE FORMATIVE INFLUENCES OF HIS FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

By ALFRED B. COOPER.

EDWARD FITZGERALD used to say in his inspired grumbling way, "Alfred never should have left old Lincolnshire." But Alfred never did. Few men ever leave, other than corporeally, the place where they are reared. In the poet we note this persistence of early impressions more than we do in ordinary mortals, because, having the gift of uttering his soul, the poet reveals the mode of his making; but the indelibility of early impressions is of the weft and woof of common experience. The "mute inglorious Milton" feels their potency, even though he "dies with all the music in him," whilst the greatly articulate poet makes all the golden dreams of youth, its unfettered fancies, its nature raptures, its unselfish loves, its enchanting discoveries, its first loving peeps through the windows of the soul, material for a new transcript of the realest things of life, even

> "Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower."

Arthur Hallam in writing to his sweetheart, Emily Tennyson, in 1831, just after the publication of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," makes an essay in prophecy which, unlike many prophecies, has been literally and almost laughably fulfilled. "I cannot help thinking," he writes, "that if the name of Tennyson should pass from that little region, which all your life long has been to you home, that blessed little region,

> 'Bosomed in a kindlier air,
> Than the outer realm of care
> And dole,'

the very fields and lanes will feel a sorrow, as if part of their appointed being had been reft from them. Yet, after all, a consecration has come upon them from the dwellers at Somersby, which, I think, is not of the things that fail. Many years perhaps—or shall I say many ages?—after we all have been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful and the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of nature. Legends will perhaps be attached to the places that are near it. Some Mariana, it will be said, lived wretched and alone in a dreary house on the top of the opposite hill. Some Isabel may with some truth be sought nearer yet. The belfry, in which the white owl sat 'warming its five wits,' will be shown, for sixpence, to such travellers as have lost their own. Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm and poplar, in order to verify the 'Ode to Memory' in its minutest particulars."

They have done and said all these things, and why should they not? It is at Somersby that the reader, not to mention the critic, must begin if he would apprehend the spirit as well as follow the theme of the poet who was born and bred there. Little did Arthur Hallam foresee, by the way, when he penned this happy prophecy, that, in immortalising the "ridged wolds," "the wooded hollow," "the glooming flats," "the tumbled fruit," "the rosy sea of jilly-flowers" and the hollyhocks and sunflowers in the back garden, "the seven elms, the poplars four" that flanked the front lawn, "the banquet in the distant woods," "the light blue line of early dawn," and all the other trivial-magical things shared in common, Alfred Tennyson would not only win for himself a deathless fame, but would immortalise his friend's name also, by making him the Jonathan in a new Lament, the Lycidas of a later requiem.

It is remarkable that death and change, the transitoriness of human things—

> "Close the door, the shutters close,
> Or thro' the windows we shall see
> The nakedness and vacancy
> Of the dark deserted house"—

should have been the main theme and undertone even of the two slim volumes issued prior to the death of Arthur Hallam. His death, though the occasion, was only in a minor degree the cause of "In Memoriam." Tennyson was ever a potential pessimist. The "black blood" of his father was in his veins, even though the gentle mother—of whom later—endowed him with that heart-philosophy which is the keynote of his poetry—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all,"

Tennyson.

An early portrait.

"I like to go back to days before the beard, which makes rather a Dickens of A. T. *in the photographs*—to my mind."—Edward FitzGerald.

and his life, if not his will, was always subject to becoming "bondsman to the dark." The tears were in his heart before—to use his own fine metaphor—grief shook them into frost. The temperament of the poet of "Oriana," "A Dirge," "The Deserted House," "The Death of the Old Year," and the "Ode to Memory" made fit soil for the sombre yew with which, he confesses, he seemed to "grow incorporate."

Much has been made of the baleful influence upon the Tennyson family of the father's morbid and difficult temper. He is said to have been "daily racked by bitter fancies, and tossed about by strong troubles." Alfred, sensitive to environment as well as to criticism to his latest day, must often have caught the infection of his father's gloom and writhed under the lash of his scornful tongue. His son, and biographer, says in the Memoir, "More than once Alfred, scared by his father's fits of despondency, went out into the black night, and threw himself on a grave in the churchyard, praying to be beneath the sod himself."

Yet there is internal evidence that "t'owd Doctor" was not as "black" as he was painted. He suffered by contrast, and by the medium of "artistic temperament" through which his acts were seen and by which they were judged. His wife—

> "No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing paradise"—

was too fair a foil for him, whilst his children, having the failings of their virtues, were far more likely to exaggerate his own temperamental defects than to minimise them.

With regard to the alleged unhappiness of Alfred's boyhood, it may be safely asserted that a sensitive child is seldom light-hearted; and when a high imaginativeness is superimposed upon a sensitive soul, it is impossible that childhood should be happy, except in the legendary story-book sense. Hearken to Charles Lamb, who, always remaining a child, knew better than most: "Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own 'thick-coming fancies'; and from his little midnight pillow this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity."

Tennyson was singularly sensitive, for instance, to the idea of vastness. The thought of endlessness obsessed him in childhood, and furnished him with many a fine simile in later life, when his nature, naturally robust, had joined hands with science, philosophy, and

The Duet.

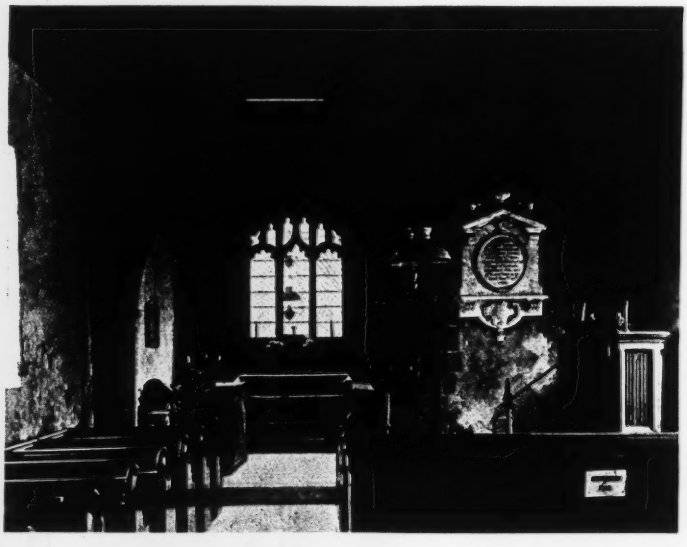
With Tennyson leaning on the piano, chin on hand, and Charles Dickens in the foreground.
From the picture by Frank Stone (father of Marcus Stone, R.A.).

Stockworth Mill, near Spilsby.

The mill which suggested to Tennyson his poem, "The Miller's Daughter." The stream is "The Brook" from Somersby.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."
The Miller's Daughter.

Photo by H. Walker.



Interior of Somersby Church.

Showing the Tennyson Tablet.

"His native place is Somersby, a little village lying about midway between the market town of Spilsby and Horncastle. His father, George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., was Rector of that and the adjoining parish of Enderby."—Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets." (Routledge.)

Photo by Rev. W. Bainbridge.

Somersby Church.

Where Tennyson's father is buried.

In the churchyard stands a Norman cross, almost the only one of its kind in England.

Photo by H. Walker.

Tennyson's Rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields (No. 58).

religion to make him, if less the essential poet, more the essential man. But in spite of its training qualities —for we might not have had our Tennyson without it— one would gladly save a beloved child from the intolerable burden of the thought of eternity. Doubtless this habit of dwelling upon thoughts too big for him—

> "Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
> A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
> A hand that points, and pallèd shapes
> In shadowy thoroughfares of thought"—

largely accounts for the young poet's fits of terrible despondency, and for his morbid thoughts of death.

Carlyle described Tennyson in his early manhood as a "Life-Guardsman spoiled by writing poetry." His poetry may have spoiled him for a warrior, but his physical fitness did not spoil him for a poet. His robustness of body helped him to overcome the supersensitiveness of his nature, and to eradicate, or at least greatly to moderate, that tendency to mawkish sentimentality and undue introspection and self-absorption which was the besetting sin of his earliest work. Thus, happily, morbidity was never more than a mood with him. Even the awful sense of vastness which had weighed unduly upon his young spirit became a soul-joy and an active inspiration to him. It is surely symptomatic, that piece of strange advice he gave to the brother who feared to go into company. "Fred, think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will soon get over that." It was the strong sane man who spoke there, the man who had succeeded in transmuting the dross of shrinking dread into the fine gold of manly dignity and balanced imaginativeness.

That he spent the most impressionable years of his life in a country of broad horizons and ample heavens has also much to do with his lifelong love of astronomical metaphors, similes, and images. He was ever a star-gazer. His little attic at Somersby was his observatory, and FitzGerald records that, "like Wordsworth on the mountains, Alfred, when a lad abroad on the wold sometimes of a night with the shepherd, watched not only the flock on the greensward, but also

> 'The fleecy star that bears Andromeda
> Far over the Atlantic Seas.'"

And Thomas Wilson, who visited the poet in the 'sixties, says: "He spoke of the 'wind torturing the roof,' and used often to mount outside the roof from his attic chamber to admire the moonlight and the sound of the breakers in the bay" (Freshwater). William Allingham, too, who visited the poet in October, 1863, says: "Tennyson took me upstairs to his den in the top storey, and higher, up a ladder, to the leads. He often comes up here of a night to look at the heavens." And in another place he says: "Barnes [William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet] to bed; Tennyson and I up the ladder to the roof and looked at Orion." "Locksley Hall" may not be autobiographical or auto-topo-

Alfred Tennyson reading "Maud" Aloud.

Pen-and-ink sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, September 27, 1855.

"Mr. and Mrs. Browning being then for a while at No. 13, Dorset Street, London, invited a few friends to hear Tennyson read 'Maud' as he had undertaken. Miss Browning, my brother, and myself were present, and perhaps one other. My brother, unobserved by Tennyson, made a pen-and-ink sketch of him and gave it to Browning. He also made a duplicate of the sketch, which belongs (or used to belong) to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. The present version is a triplicate, which he sent to Miss Elizabeth E. Siddal, then in Paris and Nice for the sake of her health. This triplicate had remained in the possession of the Siddal family until September, 1899, when her brother was so good as to present it to me."—W. M. R.

From "Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters." Edited by William Michael Rossetti. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Photo by A. A. Temple.

Mr. Sellwood's House at Horncastle.

Where Lady Tennyson (Emily Sellwood) lived when a girl. Lady Tennyson's mother was buried in the churchyard of the Church of St. Mary at the early age of twenty-eight.

Tennyson.

After Watts, 1859.

The original painting is in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset.

"My father meets Fanny Kemble, . . . and she speaks of him as having 'the grandest head of any man whom she has clapt eyes on.'"—From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

(By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

graphical in any strict sense, but such a passage as this and many another in Tennyson's poetry is much more personal than a place name or a local incident:

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

Tennyson chanted the ballad of Oriana to the rhythmic sound of the sea on the "wild, waste shore" down Mablethorpe way, where, a few years earlier, he and his brother Charles, on the day when "Poems by Two Brothers" was published, "shared their triumph with the winds and waves." "The Norland winds," especially if they had a touch of East in them, brought the scent of the brine to Somersby, and there is no English poet whatsoever—not Coleridge or even Swinburne—whose sea pictures have more verisimilitude than Tennyson's. The sea, like the sky, was ever productive of the poetic mood in him. He heard

"Rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be."

But though he lived long on a rocky, cliff-lined coast,

Photo by Rev. W. Bainbridge.

The Brook, Somersby, at the foot of "The Parson's Field."

"With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed, and mallow."—*The Brook.*

Photo by Rev. W. Bainbridge.

Bag Enderby Church, near Somersby.

Where Dr. Clayton Tennyson preached.

it is the flat sandy shore of Lincolnshire—the shore of his boyhood—that he sees instinctively, as witness :

"All night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white,"

or

"A still salt pool, locked with bars of sand
Left on the shore,"

or

"The myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable."

Even in the "Idylls of the King" his seascapes often smack of Mablethorpe and the sand-dunes. Who can doubt that it was a vivid memory of a moonlight night, "under the long low line of tussocked dunes," when he

"Watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a mammoth one gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame,"

although the scene is Tintagel and not Mablethorpe? It was at the latter place, too, that he saw

"The hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts,"

whilst standing on the "sand-built ridge" which he used to imagine was the spine-bone of the world, because it divided the horizon-bounded sea from the "waste enormous marsh."

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a monograph with which few Tennysonians can wholly agree, says admirably :

"Tennyson is the poet of flowers, trees, and birds. Of flowers and trees he must be held to be the supreme master above all who have written in English, perhaps indeed in any poetry. 'The meanest flower that blows' does not inspire in Tennyson thoughts so deep as it did to Wordsworth. but Tennyson has painted them all—flowers wild and cultivated, trees, herbs, woods, dunes and moor—with the magic of a Turner. He spoke of trees and flowers, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop which groweth on the wall. As flowers, hills, trees, and birds uttered to Wordsworth a new moral Decalogue, so they seemed to Tennyson, as they did to Turner, radiant with a fanciful beauty which no man had seen before."

Arthur H. Hallam.
The subject of "In Memoriam."
"He was as near perfection as mortal man could be."—*Tennyson.*
(By permission of Mr. John Murray.)

i galahad saw the grail
the holy grail descend
upon the shrine
and in the strength of this
i rode shattering all evil
customs everywhere

Photo by Frith & Co.

The Tennyson Memorial Window in Haslemere Church.
Designed by Burne-Jones.

If the contemplation of natural objects filled Wordsworth with "deep" thoughts, then it may be truly said that it filled Tennyson, from his childhood, with high thoughts. Nature was not the material of his poetry, it was the vehicle of it. True, he is the poet of flowers and trees and birds—he had little to learn under these heads when he went to Cambridge—but they were never the be-all and the end-all of his poetry. His nature and his training forbade that they should be. Wordsworth was a nature-worshipper; Tennyson a

Lady Tennyson.

From the portrait at Aldworth, painted by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters. 'I am proud of her intellect,' he wrote. . . . By her quiet sense of humour, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue Heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow."—From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

(By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

nature-lover. He was ever seeking the cause behind phenomena:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

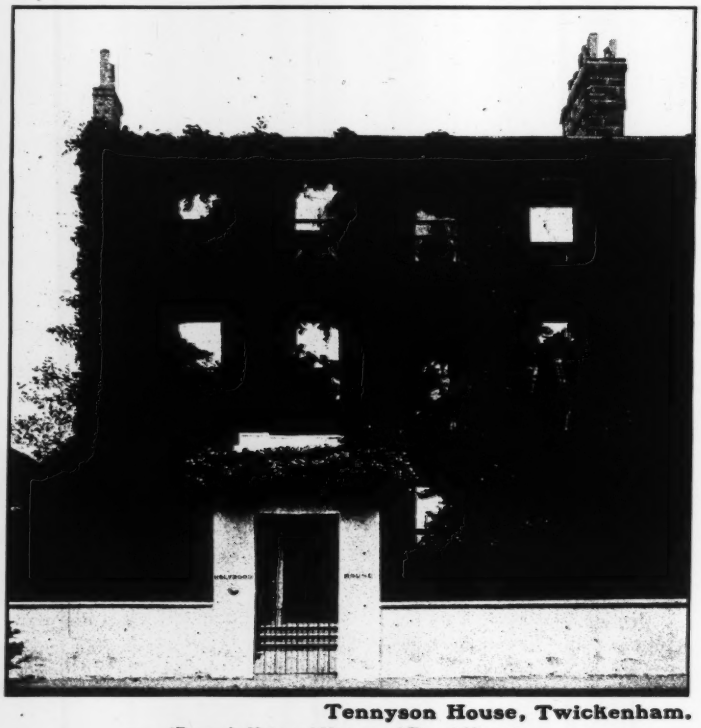
It is often necessary to look deeper than a mere allusion for the most significant marks of early influences on the poetry of Tennyson. The mature, conscious art of the poet revives the weirdly vivid impressions—or at least the ghosts of their former reality—to haunt his verse with a Pre-Raphaelite strangeness, aloofness, mystery which, nevertheless, strikes the imagination as more real than reality, since every shadow, every leaf, the moan of the wind, the "whit, whit, whit" of the nightingale, the long moss ropes in the water, the Will-o'-the-Wisp in the marsh, are used with consummate skill to produce in the mind of the reader that subconscious sense of witchery which is of the essence of Tennyson's verse. As Aubrey de Vere says, "With the bleating of the lamb or the lowing of the herd there mingled from afar 'the horns of elf-land faintly blowing.'"

For instance, we know that the "Two Brothers"—Alfred and Charles—slept in a little room near the roof, and that their windows looked into the branches of the black poplars which stood along the west side of the lawn. Now listen:

"And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadows sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow."

The poet is speaking of Mariana in the Moated Grange, and he has very emphatically denied that he had either Baumber's Farm or any other particular house in mind when he wrote that poem; yet do not these lines admit us into the secret place of the boy's magical memory of those early days when shadows had a weird significance, and the untutored imagination shrank from its own imaginings? True, indeed, it is that Tennyson was a born Pre-Raphaelite, ere the word which connotes so much had been invented. He embodied the new Art Faith in jewelled words whilst yet the members of the Brotherhood were in their cradles, and his poetry had a profound influence on the inception and growth of the new cult which was to revolutionise English painting.

The favourite games of the Tennyson boys were almost all of the Homeric type—the taking or defence of a castle keep, the storming of a breach—games of chivalry, of knightly deeds, of rescued maidens, of high adventure in haunted forest and robber-infested brake. The "Idylls" are but a mature form of the endless stories Alfred wrought out of his teeming imagination for his younger brothers and sisters. "My aunt Cecilia narrates how in the winter evenings by



Tennyson House, Twickenham.

(Formerly Holyrood House, and Chapel House.)

Tennyson's first settled home after his marriage. Here his son Hallam was born in 1852.

the firelight," says the poet's son, "little Alfred would take her on his knee, with Arthur and Matilda leaning against him on either side, the baby Horatio between his legs; and how he would fascinate this group of young hero-worshippers, who listened open-eared and open-mouthed to legends of knights and heroes among untravelled forests rescuing distressed damsels, or on gigantic mountains fighting with dragons, or to his tales about Indians, or demons or witches." It was there the "Idylls" had their beginning, and the most majestic of them, indeed—the one with the truest and freshest inspiration, the simplest and most exquisite construction—the "Morte d'Arthur," was written when the poet had barely emerged from boyhood, and it remains to-day, in all its forthrightness of utterance and its inevitability of phrasing, a masterpiece of early inborn art.

Tennyson, 1838.
Engraved from an early daguerreotype by G. J. Stodart.
From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. (By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

And the moral purpose which pervades the "Idylls," in common with all Tennyson's poetry, and to which a certain school of mistaken criticism takes exception on the ground of its unfitness for the theme, is the result of the ideals in which he was trained in that Somersby parsonage. Just as Fra Angelico and Giotto and Leonardo present the old Jewish scenes in Italian and Papal surroundings, so does Tennyson visualise Arthur and make him real—a haunting mystical reality—to his own generation. His mother's beautiful purity was the great spiritual formative influence of his early years, and this, joined to the robust honesty and straight-forward manliness of his somewhat terrible father, made him the "man" he became. "Alfred is one of the few . . . who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother!'" Thus Thomas Carlyle, when the poet was barely thirty, and there is much of himself in his Arthur. It was this young man who had written in his boyhood a prayer containing these sentences: "O Lord God Almighty, high above all height, Omniscient and Omnipresent, whose lifetime is eternity, wilt Thou condescend to behold from the Throne of Thy inexpressible Majesty the work of Thine own hands kneeling before Thee?" That was the boy's prayer. The man only simplified it:

> "Closer art Thou than breathing;
> Nearer than hands and feet."

And what of his "Fair Women"? It is to the mother of the Tennysons that the world owes that priceless picture-gallery of Women Beautiful which Alfred has painted for all time, with the true and tender touch of one who learned his lesson young.

> "Happy he,
> With such a mother; faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
> He shall not blind his soul with clay."

Have we not Charles Tennyson-Turner's picture, too, of the sweet, all-pervading sympathy of that same mother, who was so beautifully and nobly proud of the "nest of singing birds" she was rearing? He tells how he and Alfred, companions always, the David and Jonathan of the family, walking beside their mother's chair drawn by a great mastiff, used to read their verses aloud to her. It is a charming picture: the Somersby lanes, the glorious sunsets, the dog-carriage, the benignant mother's smile, and the poet raptures of her splendid boys! No wonder Charles exclaims, "Oh, all that there is of good and kind in any of us came from her tender heart." And no wonder, also, that Tennyson vies with Wordsworth, Cowper, and Shakespeare as the poet of womankind at its best and sweetest.

A son of the Manse, as they say in Scotland, a man of genius, gently born, highly educated, naturally reserved, inherently kingly, Tennyson inevitably drew upon himself the gibe of a democratic age that he was a poet apart who could have little in common with the great workaday world. It is a criticism as cheap and shallow as it is fundamentally untrue. On the contrary, despite the cultured form of his poetry, its exquisite finish, even its subject-matter often so remote apparently from the common things that concern the common man, Tennyson was as truly a son of the soil

Tennyson.
From the medallion by Thomas Woolner, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

The Palace of Art.

"In a clear-walled city on the sea
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cicely;
An angel looked at her."

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

Sir Galahad.

"Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between."

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

as Burns himself. When Carlyle first heard "The Grandmother," he exclaimed, with unwonted emotion, "And did Alfred write that?" And what of the dialect poems, of "The Miller's Daughter," of "Dora," of "Enoch Arden," of "Sea-dreams," of "Rizpah," and many another poem which reveals the depth of the poet's understanding of the greatly simple things of life? They are full, as are the longer poems, of

> "Jewels, five words long
> That on the stretched forefinger of all time
> Sparkle for ever,"

and, as they were the highest expression of the thoughts and aspirations of the Victorian age, so they are to-day, a hundred years after the poet's birth, a national heritage which, in Arthur Hallam's phrase, is not "of the things that fail."

Enoch Arden.

"That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw."

From "Enoch Arden," by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (Cassell.)

SHELLEY'S LETTERS.

BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

THERE can be no question as to the desirableness of a complete edition of Shelley's Letters. Hitherto they have been scattered about in half a dozen different books; not a few have been accessible only in garbled forms; and not a few more have remained in manuscript. Even now one gathers that Mr. Ingpen* has not been able to drag the pond quite completely: and some of the letters, especially those which passed through the hands of that clever rascal Thomas Jefferson Hogg, are still certainly imperfect and possibly "contaminated." But nothing at all approaching this collection has ever been made, giving as it does nearly five hundred letters, of which some eighty or ninety are new in whole or part, while scarcely a third of the whole have ever before presented themselves together. It may be said in fact to be a sort of documentary supplement to Professor's Dowden's "Life," to which Mr. Ingpen makes constant, and it would seem authorised, references. A few letters not by Shelley himself are given; and those of the hapless Harriet which the appendix contains are of very great importance. The editor appears to have done his work very carefully, and such slips as the present reviewer has noticed are few and slight. The index (especially necessary in such a book) is good, and there is an excellent preliminary set of biographical notes on Shelley's correspondents. Almost the only unfavourable comment that one feels disposed to make is that the volumes into which the book (though continuously paged) is divided are inordinately heavy, though by no means large. Had they appeared (according to what seems to have been the original intention) as one, the publishers ought to have sent out a special lectern with it; and as it is they try the hands.

The trial, however, is not without reward; and even those who, as far as it has been possible, have acquainted themselves with the matter piecemeal, may be strongly advised to read it all as here regimented and reinforced. It may not tell the critically-minded much that is absolutely new; but it will pretty certainly put the idea of Shelley's personality much more completely and clearly even before them. And for those who approach the matter for the first time it is no disrespect to Professor Dowden, or to anybody else, to say that all "Lives" must be imperfect without the "Letters": and that the "Letters," properly edited as here, make it almost possible for any intelligent person to make his own "Life" of Shelley, which will probably be, *for him*, much nearer the truth than anybody else's.

This is in fact their great value. The positive excellence of Shelley as a letter-writer was considerably exaggerated in one notorious case as a consequence of—if not directly with a view to—the depreciation of his poetry. Many passages and not a few whole letters are indeed excellent—in fact, consummate. But they are almost always of a character not purely or essentially epistolary—descriptions, criticisms and the like. Moreover, these passages are, for the most part, well known already in selections, or in the older editions of the "Works" or in books about Shelley; and though by no means unimportant as illustrating his character, and all-important as examples of beautiful English prose, they form, as it were, at best an appendix to the "Poems." The value of the complete collection, on the other hand, if less from the point of view of literature, becomes immense from the point of view of biography—not from that of biographical "chatter," but from one much higher.

The differences of style and manner observable between (speaking roughly) the first volume and the second are great, but they are not surprising. They correspond, in fact, with rather remarkable exactness, to the difference between the poetry before "Alastor"

Tennyson (about 1871).

From a photograph by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, taken shortly after he had written "The Holy Grail."

From "Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

(By permission of Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan.)

* "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Collected and Edited by Roger Ingpen. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Pitman.)

(or the very best parts of "Queen Mab") and the poetry from "Alastor" onwards. But the way in which Shelley literally "came of age" ought to be no novelty to any one, though perhaps the process has never been exhibited with such clearness and completeness as in this book. The fustian and the formality, the extravagance and the conventionalism of his earlier writing in prose have sometimes been regarded as something difficult to comprehend; but there is not really the slightest difficulty about it. The mixture is naturally connected with the exceptional "bursting of the aloe." Most people of the day either continued eighteenth-century convention far into the nineteenth, or wore it gradually out into the newer form, or exhibited inclination towards this latter from the first. Shelley, struggling towards it in thought, was kept back by the sheath of style in manner till this actually "burst." It must be evident to any one who studies him that while he had in him the makings of one of the greatest of poets, he had also those of a great prig. The prig kept the poet back for a good many years, and during those years asserted himself in the quaint stilted phrases that occur even in the letters to Hogg, and turn those to the unfortunate Miss Hitchener into a tissue of interminable and intolerable fustian. Indeed, this evil being never quite died till a little before the poet died too; but he had almost wholly lost his power. So long as Shelley wrote verse like a bad imitation of "Monk" Lewis or of Moore, it was not unnatural that he should write prose like a bad imitation of Sir James Mackintosh.

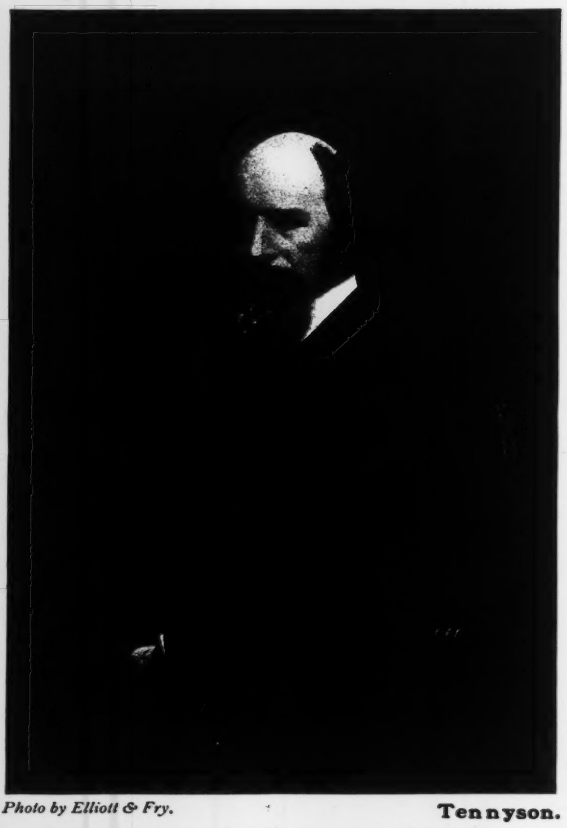


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Tennyson.**

Taken in February, 1877, at which time he was writing "Becket."

Of more general interest, no doubt, are the illustrations of Shelley's own character and of the characters of others which the letters contain. The last division is not unimportant. It is agreeable to imagine the sensations of that earlier Pecksniff whose name was Godwin, when a young man "heir to £6,000 a year" presented himself, uninvited and eager, as a pigeon. You see that very remarkable young lady who called herself "Claire," but whom the hard-hearted law called "Jane," if not exactly as she was (or as Thackeray would have presented her), at any rate not as she was *not*—that is to say, in her own presentation of herself. One of the most captivating things in the book (for Shelley was quite incapable of sarcasm in the circumstances, and was perhaps more persistently fond of and indulgent to Claire than he was of or to any one else) is his remark that one of her plans about the child Allegra "seems to [him] in its present form pregnant with irremediable infamy to all the actors in it, *except* yourself." You see Godwin spunging loftily; Leigh Hunt spunging jauntily or pathetically; Byron the personification of selfishness and pose that he always was; Peacock humorous and cool; the tragic shadow (it never comes to more than that) of Harriet with "the pity of it" so simple and inevitable when you take it as a piece of human nature, such an inextricable puzzle and tangle when you pester yourself with psychology and problems and chatter; the delightful presence of Mary, who paid smartly for her own ἁμαρτία, and has been repaid in turn by a sort of personal affection from thousands in generation after generation. And reflecting all these and contrasting with them, there is Shelley himself—the real Euphorion whom Goethe's genius unconsciously devised, while his lower intelligence consciously identified the device with a baser original. Mr. Ingpen has wisely included among the numerous and good illustrations of his book that remarkable portrait of Antonio Leisman which Peacock declared to be "the real Shelley" and which certainly agrees with the poet's description of himself better than the well-known and beautiful but rather "beautified"—if not even prettified—canonical presentment by Miss Curran. It is good to look at this and to learn from it, remembering that the identification comes from one of Shelley's best friends, who was also one of the rarest examples among Englishmen of the combination of poetry, humour, scholarship, command of character, and appreciation of wit.

King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid

After Burne-Jones

(National Gallery)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Note.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3, and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A Prize of Three New Novels is offered for the earliest passage in English Literature forecasting the days of aviation.

III.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A Prize of Ten Shillings and Sixpence has been awarded to Miss Gwen Sopwith, Wavertree, Handsworth, Staffs., for the following:

INEXORABLE NATURE.

"It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bills are due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you.
Never *you* mind.
Roll on
(It rolls on)."

W. S. Gilbert, *To the Terrestrial Globe.*

Tennyson.
Posthumous bust modelled in plaster by Francis J. Williamson.
(In the National Portrait Gallery.)

We select also for printing:

EARTH'S BEGINNING. By Sir Robert Ball.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
. . . . . .
He knows about it all—he knows, HE knows."

E. FitzGerald.

(C. A. Bayley, 120, Main Street, Bangor, Ireland.)

ABOVE ALL THINGS. By W. Teignmouth Shore.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are?"—Miss Taylor.

(Miss H. Wood, 2, Airlie Terrace, Dundee.)

HOME LIFE IN IRELAND. By R. Lynd.

"I must leave you to fancy
The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,
And the taps and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns."
Ingoldsby Legends (*The Bagman's Dog*).

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

STOLEN HONEY. By A. and D. James.

"Sweet and low."—Tennyson.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.)

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN. By Hugh de Selincourt.

"Not a *sous* had he got—not a guinea or note,
And he looked most confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried."
R. H. Barham,
Parody on the Death of Sir John Moore.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

II.—The Prize of Three New Novels for the most humorous passage from English Literature characterising our English weather is awarded to William Rattray, 71, Dudley Avenue, Leith, Scotland, for the following:

ENGLISH WEATHER.

"Strawberry Hill,
June 15, 1768.

"I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and

murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realise these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, 'This is a bad summer,' as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees and making our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew that there was no being comfortable unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back. Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again."—Horace Walpole's Letters: Letter to George Montagu, Esq. (*Cassell's National Library Edition*, p. 136.)

Crossing the Bar.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."—*Tennyson.*

(Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.)

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to E. E. DODD, Grammar School, Beaumaris, for the following:

ORTHODOXY. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Lane.)

This is Mr. Chesterton's confession of faith—"a sort of slovenly autobiography"—and it differs from ordinary confessions of faith as G. K. C. differs from the ordinary theologian. In the opening chapters the Rationalist and all his fellows are consigned to Hanwell; then, from the Ethics of Elfland and the thrills of the Penny Dreadful a philosophy unfolds itself which turns out to be Orthodox Christianity. The splendid courage of the whole is marred by the somewhat pusillanimous doctrine that because to change our ideal is perilous therefore we must accept one fixed in the year 4004 B.C.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews received are:

A REAPING. BY E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann.)

"Jewels in Prose" might be the designation given to this series of charming essays, which cannot fail to interest and fascinate the reader thereof. Courage, patience, and hope are stimulated by the virile faith which pervades every page of this narration of ordinary everyday life—*courage* to face life's burdens, *patience* to carry them, and *hope* to endure them to the end by means of the blessed assurance, "God's in His heaven." Inspiring and stimulating the book is in the highest degree, and the quaint humour of the writer, which is manifest throughout, helps to make it a most readable volume.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

ETON MEMORIES. BY AN OLD ETONIAN. (John Long.)

Reminiscences of school life possess for many of us a peculiar fascination. Among the stately schools of Old England, Eton has special claims of her own, and these memories of the good old days before the "Iron Age" set in will not fail to interest many who never knew her as their Alma Mater. Although the scenes deal with the events of nearly a century ago, they have all the zest and piquancy of first impressions, for they were written down at the time they occurred, and the irresistible charm of youth and high spirits permeate the book.

(L. Gray, St. Winifred's, Frinton-on-Sea.)

SOME PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF TURKISH WOMEN. BY DEMETRA VAKA. (Constable.)

If we may trust the authoress of this very fascinating book, all our preconceived ideas of Turkish life in the harems must undergo a complete change; our pity for the ladies be turned to envy (at least for the young ones—for we learn that they consider themselves old at thirty-eight years). The atmosphere of Turkish life is exceedingly well rendered and the visits of "The beloved one from a far-away country come" to "Cherry Blossom," etc., are very realistic. The chapters devoted to Turkish suffragettes (who call themselves "Les Louises Michel") do not ring so true.

(Mrs. Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

Competitors are reminded that their reviews should be of recent books; some sent in this month have been of books that are over a year old. We specially commend the reviews received from Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Florence Graham Stirling (Comrie), P. E. Deggan (Gloucester), Emily Shore (Worthing), Miss E. O. Brown (Worcester), R. Buxton, junr. (Birmingham), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Miss J. Pearson (Halifax), L. Welby (Shanklin), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Miss A. R. Rose-Soley (London, S.W.), Winifred B. Lodge (Upper Norwood), and Jack Hedley (Harrogate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MISS H. GRAHAM, 18, St. John's Square, Wakefield.

THE POETRY OF DR. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY MICHAEL MACMILLAN, D.LITT.

JUST ten years ago there appeared in print a small collection of poems entitled "Gleanings of Verse." Their author was Dr. William Wordsworth, the namesake, grandson, and living representative of the great Wordsworth. The fact that these "Gleanings of Verse" were "printed for private circulation only" seems no adequate reason why the world should be ignorant of some of the finest sonnets ever composed in the English language. In support of this high appreciation of the living William Wordsworth's poetry, we cannot do better than quote in full two sonnets as specimens of his poetical workmanship. One of them should have a special interest at the present day, if the struggle for more Dreadnoughts and the triumphs of aviation have not already driven out of our memory the earthquakes that lately devastated the coasts of Italy and Sicily. It is the first of two sonnets entitled "Casamicciola," and runs as follows:

"If One whose will no rival wills withstood
Conceived this massive earth and dome of light,
Was it for us His sons He wrought with might,
And man for whom His voice pronounced them good?
Or shall we say He dealt with fire and flood,
As poets with the phantoms they indite,
Indifferent to all ends but one delight,
The rapture of His vast creative mood?
As charm and sadness, weariness and love,
He brings together in our mortal hours:
So Ischia glorying in her vines and flowers,
And girdling sea reflecting heaven above,
Still feels invidious Death beneath her move,
And menace of inexorable powers."

Photo by Barraud (now Mayall). **Tennyson.**

Taken about 1886, when he was writing "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

The second sonnet we quote is inspired by the view of Syracuse:

"Here from this stony ridge where shepherds stray,
The leaguer of her foes, like hunters keen,
Looked down on Syracuse, the Dorian queen,
Defiant, an invulnerable prey:
Here through their lines Gylippus forced his way,
And in that chasm, where towers and masts are seen
Confused with golden air and wave serene,
Imperial Athens torn and bleeding lay.
Ah! here indeed the hand of mortal things
Touches, and pity pierces for their lot,
Who change the nobler for the meaner aim:
Here yielded to the vulgar fate of kings
She who in worlds where Rage and Death come not,
Had built, nor knew it, an immortal name."

These two sonnets are not selected at random from "Gleanings of Verse." They are certainly two of the most perfect in the volume, although perhaps other readers might regard as even finer those on Proserpine, the Dead in Rome, the Higher Love, the First Day in Sicily, or the Blue Grotto at Capri with its beautiful descriptive opening:

"If anywhere a man might meet with Love,
And think to see the starry wings unfurled,
And touch the fervent hands which move the world,
And learn his secret and the fruits thereof,
That might be here in this enchanted cave,
Where breathless air which tempest never whirled,
And azure water which no waves have curled,
Express the speechless rapture lovers prove";

and at its close the exquisite comparison of fugitive moments of sweet thought to—

"Clouds which turn to crimson in the west,
Or fragrance wafted by a summer air."

But of all poems, good sonnets can least fairly be judged by fragmentary quotation. In the second sonnet quoted,

"Imperial Athens torn and bleeding lay"

is a fine line in itself, but gains immensely in impressiveness by its position in the context. The excellence of a sonnet depends largely on its artistic construction, in which respect Dr. Wordsworth's sonnets are pre-eminent. Though more striking lines may be found in several of the other sonnets, the two we have quoted are, as flawless wholes, unsurpassed by any in the book before us.

Indeed, outside this volume we doubt whether any sonnets exist with which they could not bear comparison. Supposing they had been written by the elder William Wordsworth, the greatest sonneteer in English literature, perhaps in the literature of the world, does any candid critic think that they would not have ranked with his very best? Dr. Wordsworth's sonnets, like

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Tennyson.**

those of his great ancestor, maintain throughout the highest elevation of phraseology of which the English language is capable. They are composed in the strictest Italian metrical scheme, and united into perfect unity by a clear line of weighty thought followed through the octaves and completed in the sestets. The sonnet on Syracuse, as a fine example of the historic imagination, may well be compared with the famous sonnet on the faded glories of Venice beginning "Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee." The sonnet on Casamicciola, on the other hand, could not have been written by the elder Wordsworth. It indicates some of the differences in mind, and therefore in poetical work, between the grandfather and the grandson. In "Gleanings of Verse" we shall look in vain for the pious orthodoxy of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets or the austere morality of "Laodamia" and the "Ode to Duty." We find, instead, more of æsthetic sensibility, and, mingled with an undercurrent of agnostic pessimism, a keen appreciation of the "joy of passion" and some regret for the spirit of a past day "which boldly followed wheresoever led the glancing feet of Beauty." Paganism hardly appears to be "a creed outworn" in the picture of Proserpine's "curved red lips impenitent as nature's powers," and in other sonnets inspired by Eros and Aphrodite.

The best part of his prime Dr. Wordsworth spent in India as the Principal, first of the Deccan College, Poona, and afterwards of Elphinstone College, Bombay. He was revered by the Indian students not far on this side idolatry. Nevertheless, the influence of India on his poetry is much less than that of Greece and Italy. Indeed, considering how much there is in India of beauty and sublimity, it is surprising how few of his poems deal with his experience of the East. There is among them a beautiful elegy mourning the untimely death of a Western Indian Rose Aylmer. The opening lines give powerful expression to the wonder that is always felt at the untimely death of the young and beautiful :

> "The god who loves not gifts nor prayers,
> Who looks unmoved on tears,
> Comes not to men who droop with cares
> And loathe the fruitless years ;
> His hands with cruel purpose rife,
> Spare these and will not spare
> The golden buds of opening life,
> The young, the good, the fair."

Passing from this poem referring to an event that saddened Anglo-Indian society in Bombay in 1886, we come to such purely Indian subjects as the Hindu Wife and the Hindu Ascetic, to each of which a sonnet is devoted. They are followed by a sonnet addressed to Asia, concluding with lines expressing well the everlasting contrast between East and West :

> "The hand and eye which marked nor missed the goal
> Are ours, and ours the arena's roar of praise.

Photo by H. Walker. **The Tennyson Statue, Lincoln.**

The victor's steeds, and car, and laurel wreath;
Thine only is the harvest of the soul,
Whose dubious steps long since through winding ways
Pursue the printless feet of birth and death."

We may conclude our appreciation of his poetical work with a sonnet in which the poet gives a delightful picture of himself at work in the cool verandah of his house beautifully situated on the western slope of Cumballa Hill, Bombay, and overlooking the Indian Ocean. Dr. Wordsworth, besides being a professor and a poet, is the master of an extremely elegant and flexible prose style, which was well known for many years in the columns of the *Times of India*. This is how he describes himself busily engaged on his literary labours in a sonnet addressed to his wife, the truth of which will come home with startling vividness to any of our readers who have lived in the East:

"Where once my pen here worked so fast for you,
White doves, red-footed, shunning the fierce glare,
With fluttering wings would light on desk or chair,
And check my hand as your approach would do.
Some turned to arts which once perhaps we knew,
Some girl-like sleeked their plumes with serious air
Then forth once more I watched them lightly fare,
And vanish in the blinding Indian blue.
Their hint I took and thought flew far away,
And now once more about a high cold land
With you I rode and saw your kindling eyes,
And hair disordered by the gusty day;
Or stood with you where loaded fruit-trees stand,
The mild sun westering in your English skies."

SIR WILLOUGHBY PATTERNE, THE EGOIST.

By Maurice Buxton Forman.

IN the bibliographies of Mr. John Lane (5th edition, 1900) and Mr. Arundell Esdaile (1907) it is recorded that of George Meredith's thirteen novels eight appeared in periodicals before they were published in book form. "Evan Harrington" is to be found in *Once a Week*, "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "The Tragic Comedians," "Diana of the Crossways" and "One of Our Conquerors" in the *Fortnightly Review*, "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" in *Cornhill* and "The Amazing Marriage" in *Scribner's Magazine*. To these must be added "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," which ran in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, with illustrations by J. Gülich, from December 1893 to July 1894, an event which must be fairly fresh in the memories of Meredithians. This leaves "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Emilia in England," "Rhoda Fleming" and "The Egoist" to make up the baker's dozen, and of the last named Mr. J. A. Hammerton, in his interesting volume "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," speaks with decision. On page 30, referring to "The Egoist," Mr. Hammerton says—"it had not appeared in serial form, probably because he was already busy on 'The Tragic Comedians.'"

It is certainly a fact that "The Egoist," so called, had not appeared in serial form before it was published by Kegan Paul in three volumes, but it is no less a fact that under another name, with "The Egoist" as a sub-title, it had run through a weekly paper from June 1879 to January 1880. This is the history of it.

In the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, on page 2 of the issue for June 7, 1879, there appeared a complete story entitled "The Ards House Mystery: a leaf from the autobiography of a police officer." The principal characters in this tale of murder and happy marriage were Horace Austin, Gerald Lowe and Florence, the daughter of the late Sir Wiloughby Wiloughby, Bart. At the beginning of the tale Horace and Florence were merely half-cousins; at the end they were man and wife. This is only mentioned as a coincidence and has nothing to do with Meredith's book, but on page 4 of the same number of the *Herald* another Sir Willoughby (with two l's to his name) was announced. His surname was Patterne, and it took nearly half a column to notify the readers of the *Herald* of his approaching

The Egoist.
From "The Egoist," by George Meredith. (Constable.)

advent. The announcement proper was worded and displayed thus :—

SIR WILLOUGHBY PATTERNE

THE

EGOIST

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH

The First Portion of this remarkable New Story will be published in the

WEEKLY HERALD

OF THE 21ST JUNE
(The Week after Next)

The following Extract from the last number of the *British Quarterly Review* regarding Mr. Meredith's previous Works will let readers know what to expect in his New Novel about to be given in the *Weekly Herald*.

Then follows an interesting passage from an article on "The Novels of George Meredith" which had appeared in the *British Quarterly*, Vol. lxix., No. cxxxviii., April 1, 1879, pp. 411–425, and was written, I am informed on good authority, by Miss Arabella Shore. This particular passage is to be found on pp. 415–416, commencing with the words "To analyze Mr. Meredith" and ending "but on the whole Mr. Meredith's own phrase of 'thoughtful laughter' will well express the sensations that his pleasantry excites."

This announcement was repeated with but slight variation in the following week's *Herald*, page 8, and a week later in the issue dated June 21, 1879, number 759, page 2, came the first instalment consisting of the "Prelude" and chapters 1, 2 and 3, occupying four columns and headed—

SIR WILLOUGHBY PATTERNE

THE

EGOIST

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH

Thereafter, week by week, "Sir Willoughby Patterne" filled anything from two to four columns, never less than two columns and only on four occasions slightly exceeding four, until chapters 49 and 50 brought the story to a close in the issue for January 10, 1880 (No. 788). For all practical purposes the text is the same as in the first edition, but in the *Herald* chapter 38 is headed "In which we make the attempt to go down to the centre of egoism without frightening ourselves," while the corresponding chapter in the book, chapter 5 of volume iii., is entitled, "In which we take a step to the centre of egoism."

One might have imagined that the good people of Glasgow would have welcomed this "remarkable new story" with enthusiasm and clamoured for more Meredithian pleasantries to excite their "thoughtful laughter." Apparently this was not the case, for I am informed by a courteous member of the *Herald* staff that Dr. J. H. Stoddart, the editor of the day, told one of his colleagues that the story was "dear and not remunerative." On receiving this information I examined a file of the paper to ascertain whether anything had been done to keep alive the interest of the readers during Sir Willoughby's reign, and found that other stories of a kind more likely to appeal to newspaper readers in general had appeared at the same time as "Sir Willoughby Patterne." For example—in the number for August 23, 1879, "Griffith Williams, or the Story of a Crime" was published, and on October 11 "The Miser of Hazelhowe," by David Wingate, the author of at least three books of verse, was started and eventually succeeded to Sir Willoughby's place on page 2 of the *Herald* on January 17, 1880. On December 20 appeared "The Gray Chamber, A Christmas Story," complete in seven chapters, by George Manville Fenn, and the first number issued in 1880 contained a long account of the awful Tay Bridge disaster, a tragedy which it is quite safe to assume provided cheaper and more remunerative "copy" than the whole of the remarkable story which is regarded by many as George Meredith's masterpiece.

New Books.

CARLYLE'S "BLUMINE."*

The industry of the book-compiler will soon add a new terror to friendship. No man or (particularly) no woman who has enjoyed the goodwill of the great is likely to escape the publicity of the library. Mr. Raymond Clare Archibald, author of the handsome and finely equipped volume now before us, is clearly a most conscientious worker, whether among dusty records or living books, but his zeal has surely carried him a little far in the compilation of this rigidly genealogical account of a lady whose life crossed Carlyle's for about a year or fifteen months, and then passed on to more or less happy marriage, competency, and a peaceful old age. "Carlyle's First Love": it is a glowing title, suggestive of many things which it does not realise. Let us examine its justification as shortly as may be.

Thomas Carlyle was a schoolmaster in Kirkcaldy when, in the autumn of 1818, he was introduced to Miss Margaret Gordon, a young and beautiful girl of about twenty. She was living with her aunt and adopted mother, Mrs. Usher, and Carlyle was apparently invited from time to time to drink tea with the ladies. Another guest was Edward Irving, who was also schoolmastering in Kirkcaldy, and if either of the men was really seriously affected by the lady's charms, the more eloquent protestations certainly came from Irving. For after spending a holiday in her company in the Highlands, he wrote to his friend in rapturous phrases of this pattern:

"Such another scene of heart-content I shall never pass again; the brief time of it lies in my mind like a hallowed sanctuary in a desert, or like a piece of enchanted ground in a wilderness. Truly, it never strikes me to mingle with it the times that went before, or the times which have come after: it would seem a sort of sacrilege to the Powers which breathed over it such delight."

It is true that the youthful swain goes on to protest that "in all this there was no love," but we may be allowed to retain our own judgment. Men do not write like this whose hearts have not been flushed with some sort of passion. Carlyle's recollection is much more self-contained:

"To me, who had only known her for a few months, and who within a twelve, or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued for perhaps some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usually romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her, a candid and gentle pity for her, if needed at all."

This memory is, of course, clouded by the passage of time, but it scarcely suggests romantic reminiscence. Nor do the extant documents strengthen any such impression. Miss Gordon wrote twice to Carlyle, so far as can be discovered, and the two letters are preserved. The first is full of self-conscious moralising. She is sorry to hear Carlyle's health has been impaired by the severity of his winter's study, exhorts him to walk in the path which nature has marked out for him, and prays that Fortune may be propitious, and that he may experience that "peaceful calm the virtuous alone are capable of enjoying." The next letter was written less than four weeks later, but in the meanwhile Miss Gordon's aunt seems, from scruples of prudence, to have desired her niece to put an early end to the correspondence. No doubt a struggling schoolmaster seemed a poor match, and Margaret appears to have acquiesced without much searching of heart. At any rate, she bids her friend "a long, long adieu," and apostrophises him in these sententious terms:

"Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men, by kind and gentle manners; deal mildly with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much, and like you more."

This was the end, and a few years later the lady married a dull, worthy banker of Aberdeen, one Alexander Bannerman, who lived to be knighted, but loved to annoy his delicately-minded wife by eating fowl with his fingers. Perhaps it was a retaliation for her domestic homilies, for she became a rigid disciplinarian, and was known, in the midst of a fashionable dinner-party, to ask a minister to "read from the Book and engage the company in devotional exercises." Sir Alexander seems to have borne these pieties with a kindly indulgence, but it is certain that such companionship would never have suited Carlyle.

It is in evidence, however, that he retained enough consciousness of his interest in the lady to have inspired him to tell Jane Welsh all there was to say; and some people believe that there was still sufficient fragrance left in the romance to have coloured the portrait of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus." It may be so. Certainly better authorities than ourselves have accepted the idea; yet it is difficult to reconcile the two women. The picture of Blumine is well known:

"Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star? did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolean Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed-up with happiness and hope. The past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought."

The weary-wise letters of Margaret Gordon seem strangely remote from this glimmering image of the dawn. If this was really the inspiration, Carlyle was a more impassioned poet than he has been commonly reputed. Still, let the story rest!

And that, indeed, is all there is to say. Yet upon this fragile pedestal of fact and fancy Mr. Archibald has erected the fabric of a goodly volume. He gives us the descent of Margaret Gordon upon both sides, with sundry anecdotes, character-sketches, and portraits of entirely unimportant members of her family. He follows her through her married life, and her husband through his: he epitomises their last testaments and copies out their epitaphs. Then follow goodly appendices, well set with bibliographical data, genealogical tables and what not, and to 169 pages of text we have an index of 24. It is impossible not to admire such industry, but equally impossible to deny its fatuity. All that the world needs to know of Margaret Gordon could be said in the column of a daily newspaper. Why, then, in the name of the Bodleian, why, then, give her more?

Arthur Waugh.

* "Carlyle's First Love: Margaret Gordon." By Raymond Clare Archibald. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

THE NEW ITALY.*

This is the last contribution of Jessie White Mario to the history of modern Italy. Probably her first work was the preparation for the press of Orsini's little book on "Austrian Dungeons," which one may dig out of the British Museum

* "The Birth of Modern Italy." Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario. Edited, with introduction, notes, and epilogue, by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. 12s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

now as a curiosity. Besides her "Life of Garibaldi and Story of his Times" (Milan, 1884), she wrote biographies of other heroes of the epoch of unification; and in old revolutionary dayst a Genoa, when she was arrested and the *Italia del Popolo* published articles about her, she was Italian correspondent for the *Daily News* and for some American newspapers. Her husband, Alberto Mario, was an irreconcilable Republican to the end of his life. He died in poverty; and in an honourable poverty Madame Mario's later years were passed, so that at seventy she was still teaching in one of the Normal Schools of Florence for her living.

In the days of her youth Jessie White was described as "a handsome woman, with masses of shining reddish hair crowning an eager intelligent face." Her portrait in the year of her marriage shows us a face eager indeed and inquisitive; and it makes one think of a bright-eyed bird quite tame, say, to the hands of patriots, contentedly pecking at the crumbs given to her, and trained to please "The Friends of Italy" (a Society of the time) and win alms for the Cause.

She first visited Italy, she tells us, with "an English lady of considerable fortune, who was formally engaged for two years to Garibaldi," having fallen in love with him "at first sight"—so we are informed. D'Azeglio said that Garibaldi had a heart of gold but the brains of an ox; but at all events Garibaldi had a way with him of conquering hearts, a gift that was occasionally discomfiting, but a gift that seemed quite common to what Carlyle calls "the foreign exile element." In caustic annotations to Mrs. Carlyle's letters, Carlyle speaks as if it were customary for elderly moneyed ladies "to fall in love with the romantic in distress" and marry dilettante exiles. "I never had any pleasant or useful conversation among these people," growls Carlyle, "except with Mazzini, and from the first dialogue Mazzini's opinions were to me incredible, and impracticable in this world." However, out of Chelsea there was more sympathy.

For instance, in 1851, when Mr. Gladstone published his famous letter about the Neapolitan prisons, the pamphlet excited so much sympathy and interest that it went through eleven editions immediately. And Lord Palmerston expressed the feeling of many people when he wrote thus to the English Ambassador at Vienna about the savage reprisals of the Austrians upon the Italian revolutionists of 1848: "My dear Ponsonby, The Austrians are really the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilised men."

Madame Mario was a disciple of Mazzini. But she came into Italy at the very time of Mazzini's decline in power, and Bolton King says Mazzini's decline was typical of more than the fall of the Republican party. "Heroic idealism had gone." When Madame Mario saw Mrs. Browning in Florence in 1854 she complained that "already Elizabeth was half Cavourian." The petty sovereigns who had fled before the revolutionists of '48 had been escorted back by Austrian troops, and the poet, looking from her Casa Guidi windows, had seen "the armament of Austria flow into the drowning heart of Tuscany"; and it was then the star of Piedmont rose above the ruin and desolation of Italy. In a later year Cavour said: "If Piedmont counted for something in the Councils of Europe it was because she represented an Idea." The Idea had been impressed upon Italy by Mazzini when he made what Bolton King calls his terrible and impossible appeal. Italy was no longer "only a geographical expression."

We should ask Madame Mario in vain those profound questions Pollard would have the student of history proffer, Why? and How? Why did Italy become a United Kingdom? Madame Mario breaks off short and does not tell us how Italy, weltering in chaos, achieved unity and independence. But we may recall the words of De Mazade: "To have shaped reality out of a dream; to have succeeded in leading the revolution of a partly enslaved people almost to the furthest limit without suffering it to run to ruins in convulsions—such was the work of Cavour."

F. E. PHILLIPS.

Mazzini's Mother.
From "The Birth of Modern Italy." (Unwin.)

THE BETTER LAND.*

For a wander-book among the villages of rural England it may be doubted whether Mr. Hudson himself has ever done anything quite so attractive as "Afoot in England." In it he reveals himself and his predilections more than in any previous work. Of the two Englands—I do not mean the rich and poor of Disraeli's "Two Nations," but the sharply divided countries of smoking chimneys and red labour-barracks, and of hedgerows, gamekeepers and thatch-cottages—he loves only the unprogressive. Unimproved to him is unspoiled. Yet he is no epicurean landscapist. He likes the people, especially the poor. He avoids not only hotels, but also inns. He goes among the cottagers. He listens to their stories, hears many tragedies, occasionally welcomes the return of a native. He is fond of the society of peewits, prefers a jay to a fine gentleman, a nightjar to a motorist, a cross-bill to a cockney tourist, a cirl-bunting to a suffragette. For cows, especially red Devons, he has almost a passion. He gives us a cowherd, leaning over a gate, lazily content. "He was a curious-looking old man in old frayed clothes, broken boots and a cap too small for him. He had short legs, broad chest, long arms and a very big head, long and horselike, with a large shapeless nose and grizzled beard and moustache. His ears, too, were enormous, and stood out from the head like the handles of a rudely shaped terra-cotta vase or jar. The colour of his face, the ears included, suggested burnt clay. But though Nature had made him ugly, he had an agreeable expression, a sweet benign look in his large dark eyes, which attracted me."

* "Afoot in England." By W. H. Hudson. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This old man, who had some of the repose and placidity of the animals he tended, had never been a dozen miles from his own home in Devon. At intervals, he signalled his kine across the meadow. They grazed on. "At length one of the beasts raised her head and had a long look, then slowly crossed the field to us, the others following at some distance. They were shorthorns—all but the leader, a beautiful young Devon, of a uniform rich glossy red; but the silken hair on the distended udder was of an intense chestnut, and all the parts that were not clothed were red too—the teats, the skin round the eyes, the moist, embossed nose; while the hoofs were like polished red pebbles, and even the shapely horns were tinged with that colour. Walking straight up to the old man, she began deliberately licking one of his ears with her big rough tongue, and in doing so knocked off his old rakish cap. Picking it up, he laughed like a child, and remarked, 'She knows me, this one does—and she loikes me.'" What a picture! Mr. Hudson is compared to Jefferies and Borrow. He is more like Wordsworth here. He compares the crowd of large, placid blondes he comes across at Wells or Cromer to a herd of beautiful white-and-strawberry cows with golden horns and large placid eyes. He loves to observe the children chasing and flying from the waves, or jumping with their poles from rock to rock, and to discriminate racial types in them. He notices the gradations of colour in their pretty little legs, from ivory white, on arrival, to a deep nutty brown suffused with pink after a few weeks of beach.

His dislikes are mainly dogs, who disturb the birds and small mammals, whose sympathy he courts, and women who flaunt bird plumage. His hate he reserves for those gourmets, the carrion crows of human-kind, who prey upon larks and wheatears. How beautiful is his description of the dead wheatear on Whitesheet Hill! The Otter is for the most part his Western boundary, his Northern capital is Newbury, but Salisbury is his metropolis, and he is best among the 'Cleres between Newbury and Andover —Kingsclere, the little Cuzco of Hants, "beloved Silchester, the ancient Roman Calleva." He is excellent at a congress of herring gulls between Branscombe and Beer. At Cley or Hunstanton he is far from home. He speculates why old seaboard towns and hamlets are so often screened and hidden, or tucked in a hollow invisible from the high sea. On the East Coast the reason in many cases was Channel-piracy—as the "Paston Letters" abundantly prove. If you are oppressed by the antiquity of Stonehenge, says Lamb, you have only to look at a Jew—it will appear quite young by comparison. No one can conjure with the Stones quite as Mr. Hudson does. He can evoke, too, by a magic of his own, certain sympathetic figures of the past. Here he exerts his wizardy on Cobbett, Miss Mitford, and the Farmer's Boy. But it is impossible to give more than a rough general idea of the many-coloured vesture which delights the patient reader of an essayist so versatile, so rich, so knowing and so original as Mr. Hudson. "Afoot in England" is certainly one of his fairest collections.

Thomas Seccombe.

MINOR HISTORY.*

A few years ago we had something like a renaissance of minor poetry, and the critics were much concerned as to the relationship between the revived art and poetry of the first rank; between them, I believe, they established the right of minor poetry to an independent existence. The minor poets, or rather the best of them, knew this all the time: they knew that their art was related to great poetry as the part is to the whole, that it was, in fine, the part become conscious of itself. It will thus be seen that in describing Miss Betham-Edwards's book as "Minor History," I am not calling names, but drawing a distinction. And I do so because her interesting sketches, of which there are ten, are a phase of a distinctly modern method in the writing of history. It is a method that is engaged with the interpretation of those minor episodes, and sometimes not even that, which bear only a passing mention in the greater histories. And in this matter I can give Miss Betham-Edwards no higher praise than to say that, just as great history reveals a period or a nation by an arrangement of many events, her sketches help us to realise also that the whole of history is often contained in an incident. And in doing this they perform the true function of minor history.

Charlotte Corday.
From "French Vignettes," by M. Betham-Edwards. (Chapman & Hall.)

The episodes are drawn from the period of the Revolution, and the White Terror which followed Waterloo. After reading the book one feels more intimately about those tragic times than one does after contemplating the extensive, the epic views of a Thiers or a Carlyle, though such a feeling would be impossible without the background provided by the latter. You feel that Mirabeau, "demi-god" though he was, was still human, and even, in the light of the "Lettres à Julie," not a little despicable: you feel that Madame Roland, human though she was, had in her something of the divine. But it is the human note which is sounded most frequently throughout these sketches. We are always in the company of men and women, albeit men and women of heroic mould: the men and women of a Revolution whose father was Rousseau, but whose grandfather was Plutarch. Throughout the volume there is an atmosphere of youthfulness befitting a record of revolt, for youth is the period of revolt, because it is the period of hope, "the time," as Stevenson said, "to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body." Miss Betham-Edwards remarks upon the youth of Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Barbaroux, Vergniard and the rest, all of whom died famous before the age of forty, whilst Mirabeau just reached that age. She, however, does not mention the extreme youth of Napoleon when master of Europe, but then Miss Betham-Edwards does not like the Emperor; at times I wondered why she did not call him Bonaparte.

* "French Vignettes." [By M. Betham-Edwards. [10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Generally speaking I find myself in sympathy with the sketches, especially when they take the form of direct narrative, and this I imagine ought to have been their aim. But when the writer, whose knowledge of French history is so comprehensive, lapses, and I use the word deliberately, into opinions about her characters, then my sympathy fails. It would be the same did I agree with the views thus expressed. At the same time I do not advocate impartial history: impartial histories do exist, but few read them for pleasure. My point is that where you have a series of episodes lending themselves admirably to simple narration, it is a fault to interpose opinions between reader and story. The place for opinions is the essay, they should only be implied in the story. These lapses are all the more aggravating because they spoil one of the best sketches in the book, "Duc d'Enghien's Love Story," which is one of those tragic incidents that are sufficient in themselves. Miss Betham-Edwards evidently could not resist the opportunity of scolding Napoleon, whose villainy in the matter of d'Enghien's death is, after all, still a moot point. References to Napoleon's "crowning infamy" in causing the death of an enemy who was probably conspiring against his life do not aid reality. And the matter is not improved by charging Napoleon when First Consul with "having his heel on the neck of France." At that particular time Napoleon was France, and if his heel was anywhere it was on the neck of the Bourbons; d'Enghien, it should be remembered, was a particularly enterprising member of that family.

The chief value of "French Vignettes" lies in the fact that each sketch forms an introduction to some little-known path in French historical literature. Some of the sketches are resumés of books little likely to fall into English hands, and, from what selections are given, worthy of further acquaintance. Particularly is this so in the case of the volumes from which the material for the interesting study of "Philarète Chasles" is derived. Chasles was a French refugee who had been sent to England during the White Terror. He was a man of wide culture, which had evidently left his excellent powers of observation intact, and both here and abroad he came in contact with distinguished people, among them Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Balzac, and he has recorded his impressions of these men in his "Mémoires," first published in 1876. This sketch amounts to a discovery for which alone Miss Betham-Edwards deserves thanks. The "Mémoires de Philarète Chasles" are indeed well worth the attention of an English publisher. "French Vignettes" is a handsome volume with twelve interesting portraits from old prints.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

CALE RICE'S POEMS.*

Those who have read the volume of Mr. Cale Rice's "Plays and Lyrics" that appeared some three years ago will be glad to welcome this new collection of his poems, the longest of which gives its title to the book. That Mr. Rice has a considerable dramatic gift was evidenced in his former work, and is shown again here in the dramatic fantasy "Brude," but he is essentially a lyrist, and his dramatic power is at its highest and intensest in certain of his lyrics. "The Image Painter," for instance, is a tragedy in song—you have all the story of one woman's life, with all its toil and pathos and heartbreak gathered up into three short verses. The same touch of drama and something of more sombre tragedy lives in "Sea-Mad," with its haunting iteration of "Three waves of the sea came up on the wind to me!" The passion that burns through "Of the Flesh" is a little melodramatic, perhaps, but the passion of this world usually is. There is a wide range of thought and expression between these and the quiet wistfulness of "The Soul's Return," with its final aspiration—

> "I ask no more
> Than to restore
> To simple things the wonder they have lost"—

the half-despairing appeal of "The Young to the Old"—

> "Weigh us not down
> With fears of the world. . . .
> You dreamt your hour, and dared, but we
> Would dream till all you despaired of *be*"—

and the dark imaginative force and poignancy of the quatorzain sequence, "Quest and Requital," of which this, "To Him after His Death," is the seventh and last phase:

> "God who can bind the stars eternally
> With but a breath of spirit speech, a thought;
> Who can within earth's arms lay the mad sea
> Unseverably, and count it as sheer naught;
> With His All-might could bind not you and me.
> For though He pressed us heart to burning heart,
> And set them to the passion that enthrals
> His sanction, still our souls stood far apart,
> As aliens beating fierce against the walls
> Of dark unsympathy that would upstart.
> Stood aliens, aye! and would though we should meet
> Beyond the oblivion of unnumbered births,
> Upon some world where Time cannot repeat
> The feeblest syllable that once was earth's."

Mr. Rice has the metrical skill, the technical cunning that make up almost the entire equipment of many poets nowadays, but human nature is more to him always than is the nature that is not human, and he has the feeling and imaginative sympathy without which, however prettily it may tinkle, all poetry is but empty and a vain thing.

* "Nirvana Days." By Cale Young Rice. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE SEARCH PARTY.*

When a man writes a genuinely funny book, a book which is funny from beginning to end, a sidesplitting, irresistible, laughter-compelling comedy, the world is left grateful, but a little incredulous. It is too good to be true. It seems a sort of accident, a fortuitous combination of favouring chances which can never occur again. It is the dream of every golfer to do a hole in one, and for most golfers it remains a cherished dream. To a few only blessed beyond their fellows and beyond their deserving, the beatific moment is vouchsafed. But while any golfer may expect once in his career by some miraculous interposition of fortune to accomplish the incredible, no one expects to do it twice, still less to do it at two successive holes. So in much the same way, when we were all shaking with laughter over "Spanish Gold," there came the chastening reflection that Mr. Birmingham could never do it again. He might indeed, as others have done, repeat his formula and still be mildly amusing. But it would be merely a pale reflection of the dazzling original. It seemed as though the delicious abandonment of absurdity could never be recaptured. But the incredible has happened, and "The Search Party" is as gloriously and deliriously funny as "Spanish Gold." Once more Mr. Birmingham has proved himself

> "The prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
> The Patently Impossible and Vain."

And the splendid part of it all is that in Mr. Birmingham's books nothing really is absurd. Absurdity is only relative, and in Ireland only the normal is absurd, which is another way of saying that the normal never happens.

* "The Search Party." By George A. Birmingham. 6s (Methuen.)

Mr. Birmingham served a long apprenticeship before he wrote "Spanish Gold." The few who study Ireland seriously and those (almost equally few) who study contemporary fiction seriously remember "The Seething Pot," and the four novels which followed it, as a notable contribution to a baffling but urgent problem, the government of that British Poland which seems destined to confute all the maxims of political and economic science. Critics knew Mr. Birmingham as a sound literary craftsman and an acute and sympathetic observer of Irish life. But no one was prepared for the triumphant and exuberant fun of "Spanish Gold," and the superb mendacities of that much-enduring wily Odysseus immortalised as "J. J." Of course there is a good deal of caricature: the scheme of the book demands it. The two members of Parliament are sheer caricature; their stupidity is beyond the compass even of an M.P. But when Mr. Birmingham is dealing with Irish characters, especially in the case of his Connacht peasant types, there is only the faintest suggestion of travesty. His peasants are exquisitely amusing, but they are never impossibly absurd. Comedy is heightened by the keenness and shrewdness of Mr. Birmingham's observations, and as a master of humorous dialogue he has no rival except Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

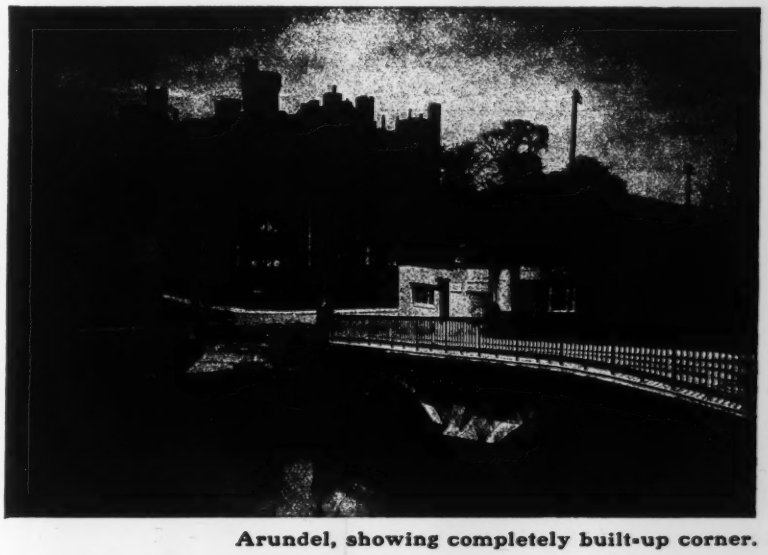
The plot is audaciously simple. Dr. O'Grady, the Poor-Law doctor of Clonmore, with a pretty taste in horseflesh and fancy waistcoats, finds his salary unequal to his expenditure; and as his patients never pay him he sees no opportunity of making both ends meet. His affairs are reaching a crisis when he is suddenly called upon to attend the servant of the mysterious tenant of the dower house at Rosivera. Guy Theodore Red, the tenant of Rosivera, is an anti-militarist anarchist bent on hastening the millennium by a lavish use of dynamite. Dr. O'Grady is informed that he must remain a prisoner for a month until Red's plans are complete. As Red is prepared to pay him five pounds a day besides affording him complete security from the pressing attentions of his creditors, O'Grady's only anxiety is to escape being rescued. The state of his finances being well known in Clonmore, it is at once assumed that he has fled to America, and Clonmore, being sympathetic, display sno indecent curiosity at his disappearance. But O'Grady had ungallantly forgotten that he was engaged to Adeline Maud Blow, daughter of a Leeds tobacconist, famous for his "twopenny beauty" cigars. Miss Blow is a lady of tremendous determination. She comes to Clonmore with a blank cheque and the fixed intention of paying O'Grady's debts and then marrying him. Clonmore is too polite to tell Miss Blow that her lover has fled to the States, and their ingenious but wholly mendacious explanations drive her to the conclusion that he has been murdered. Miss Blow rises to the occasion, and demands that the constabulary shall at once search for the corpse. In vain it is pointed out that there is no corpse to search for. Miss Blow is not to be routed so easily, and her implacable pursuit of the District Inspector, Mr. Goddard, is a piece of gorgeous fooling. In the meantime other inhabitants of Clonmore who happen to visit Rosivera also become the compulsory guests of Guy Theodore Red. Dr. O'Grady's captivity is shared by Patsy Devlin, two M.P.'s who have come to study "the Irish question" at first hand, and finally by Sergeant Farrelly and Constable Cole. All Clonmore threatens to vanish, till at last Dublin Castle has become seriously alarmed, and Miss Blow, having completely defeated Lord Manton, the local peer, heads a regular army of constabulary and invades Rosivera in force. Red in the meantime, on O'Grady's advice, has fled, and after a delicious scene in which the doctor bluffs the indignant M.P.'s in a fashion reminiscent of "J. J." it is decided that the task of hushing up the whole affair shall be entrusted to Jimmy O'Loughlin, the hotel-keeper, and the most versatile liar in Clonmore. "Jimmy'd tell the truth without turning a hair, so soon as ever he knew what it was you wanted him to tell." The scenes between Jimmy O'Loughlin and Miss Blow and between that redoubtable lady and Lord Manton are wildly funny. But a book as amusing as this is beyond praise and beyond criticism. There is only one thing to do—to read it.

TOWN PLANNING.*

In a famous definition Aristotle once described a city as a place where men live a life in common for the sake of a noble end. The great movement towards town improvement, which has grown so strong in this country during the last few years and of which town planning forms one branch, must, Mr. Raymond Unwin insists, have for its aim the creation of such a city as shall at once express the common life and stimulate its inhabitants in their pursuit of the noble end. The recognition of the truth of this dictum may be said to be the basis of these two interesting books. "It is, indeed," in Mr. Unwin's own words, "from this expression that civic art must draw its inspiration and guidance."

With the smaller of the two books one must perforce be brief. As its title shows, it is mainly occupied with showing what has already been done at the Hampstead Garden Suburb, why what has been done has been done, and how it has been possible to do it. The book is confessedly only a slight sketch, but it will none the less make an admirable introduction to the subject. The second volume is altogether of a different nature and will assuredly take rank as one of the best which have as yet been published. Mr. Unwin has obviously spared no trouble in thoroughly mastering his subject, and his study of the leading foreign publications upon the question is no less careful than the admirable judgment with which he has selected the

* "Town Planning in Practice: An Introduction to the Art of Designing Cities and Suburbs." By Raymond Unwin. 21s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—"Town Planning and Modern Architecture at the Hampstead Garden Suburb." With contributions by Raymond Unwin and M. H. Baillie Scott. 1s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



Arundel, showing completely built-up corner.

From "Town Planning in Practice," by Raymond Unwin. (T. Fisher Unwin)

numerous illustrations which exemplify the various points to which he has occasion to call attention. Analysis of such a book is impossible, and one can, perhaps, hardly do better than quote the headings of some of his chapters and give a few brief extracts. In the first chapter, then, "Of Civic Art as the Expression of Civic Life," Mr. Unwin lays stress upon the importance of a feeling of fellowship being created in our towns, and he sketches briefly the evils which have arisen from the lack of this feeling. He then passes on to consider successively "The Individuality of Towns" and "Formal and Informal Beauty." In these opening chapters Mr. Unwin has not so much scope for his own individual suggestions, but upon such a topic, for example, as "Centres and Enclosed Places" he has much to say that is worth consideration. He emphasises the need for some centre, and, finding that one focal point of traffic is likely to be at or near a railway station, rightly lays it down that—

> "in the modern town the railway station, at which the majority of people will arrive and from which they will depart, seems to demand much the same emphasis that was given to the ancient town gateways."

And again, in his chapter on "The Arrangement of Main Roads," he pleads for variety of decoration and happily suggests that—

> "If we can give to our streets some individuality, may we not find that our people, going to and from their work, will change their routes, taking the almond-planted street in the early spring, the plum, the crab, and the hawthorn streets later, and later still the streets planted with acacia and catalpa, or with the trees whose early foliage is their glory, such as the sycamore?"

In discussing "Site-Planning and Residential Roads," Mr. Unwin shows very clearly that the fact that the capital outlay upon the construction of roads is stipulated for by the party who pays for the upkeep and does not pay for the first cost, has resulted in a very great waste of capital on roads where such outlay is neither justified by the requirements nor necessary to bring the upkeep within reasonable limits. One of the most admirable chapters is that on "Co-operation in Site-Planning, and how common enjoyment benefits the individual." It is full of excellent, common-sense ideas, though one fears that Mr. Unwin will have to struggle hard against that "excessive prejudice which shuts up the individual family and all its domestic activities within the precincts of its own cottage" which he so much deplores. The concluding chapter is fittingly given up to the consideration of Building By-Laws. One may sympathise with Mr. Unwin in his anxiety for a greater measure of elasticity, but at the same time one cannot but reflect that not every architect would make as good use of any relaxation as he would.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

POET AND PATRIOT.*

Mr. Charles M. Doughty, the author of "Travels in Arabia Deserta," "The Dawn in Britain," and "Adam Cast Forth," has been moved by fears for his country to write a dramatic patriotic poem in five parts. The work that Mr. Doughty has already done entitles him to an unusually respectful hearing whatever he does. But we hasten to point out that he is still at the summit of his powers. Any doubt lest this extraordinary, and at first sight unpromising, choice of a subject should be the sign of a falling off is almost at once set at rest.

For grandeur and massive beauty "The Cliffs" is not equal to "The Dawn in Britain," nor to "Adam Cast Forth" for perfection of form; but in variety it excels both, and it displays more of the author's power than any of his other books. The action takes place on the East Anglian coast. Foreign aeronauts arrive to reconnoitre. A German invading fleet is ready to sail. But England, though unprepared, is rapidly under arms. A storm turns the enemy back, and at the end a patriotic song is sung in security and triumph on the village green.

The first part consists of a monologue by an old Crimean veteran keeping his sheep on a heath near the shore, and of dialogue between the German aeronauts who kill the old man. This monologue is as remarkable for its simple, homely force as the dialogue is for its satire upon England and Germany. In the second part the elves of England weigh the souls of the men and women of England. Out of the strong, sweetness! Only a poet of Mr. Doughty's austere and national character could have produced fairy scenes of such delicacy. In the fourth part the elves reappear and witness a procession of the heroes of Britain. We believe that these scenes will place Mr. Doughty either first or second among English poets who have dared to use fairies, though they include Shakespeare, Drayton, and Darley. The third part describes—by means of dialogue—the awakening of England, the fifth the relief and thanksgiving. This bald outline may conceivably prejudice any one who does not know Mr. Doughty's work against "The Cliffs." But in reality his imagination raises the matter above politics, and creates an England of great clearness and reality where such things happen. The atmosphere suggests the days of the Armada or of Trafalgar. But the poem is really timeless, like "Henry the Fifth" or "Prometheus Unbound." The almost heroic old shepherd, the fantastic earthy elves, the practical aeronauts, the gossiping villagers, the everyday soldiers and gentlemen, are all equally true in this imaged world.

* "The Cliffs." By Charles M. Doughty. 4s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FATHER.*

If you were put to it for a brief description of Mr. Jerome's new book you would probably say it was a delightful blend of "Three Men in a Boat" and the "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and ninety-nine readers out of every hundred will think as I do that it is certainly the best book of the three. The humour of "They and I" is not so boisterous, not so irresponsibly vivacious; it is easier, mellower, larger. You want to be young to enjoy all the fun and excellent fooling of "Three Men in a Boat," but the drollery, the quiet irony, the chuckling extravagances of "They and I" will appeal to you no matter what your age is, if among your other senses you are happy enough to have one of humour.

This is not a novel, and it is not a volume of essays, but it is something of both. The story is of a family of five who leave London and settle in the country. There is the father, an author, who does not preserve his dignity so well as his family would like him to; there is Ethelberta, his wife; and their three children, Dick, Robina, and Veronica, the two first turned twenty, and the latter about eight. They take a house in rural parts and are bent upon having it so altered as to suit the special requirements of each of them. This necessitates the employment of an architect, and brings in the architect's assistant, a pleasant young fellow who seriously offends Robina at the outset of their acquaintance by mistaking the back door for the front one and catching her peeling potatoes. Dick, the son, who has been rather a ne'er-do-we'el, decides to adopt farming as a career, and gladly consents to be apprenticed to a neighbouring farmer. It is possible that he is in earnest about his new profession, but, anyhow, that farmer has a remarkably pretty daughter.

The alterations to the house; the inconveniences of country life; the escapades of Veronica; the trouble with

* "They and I." By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

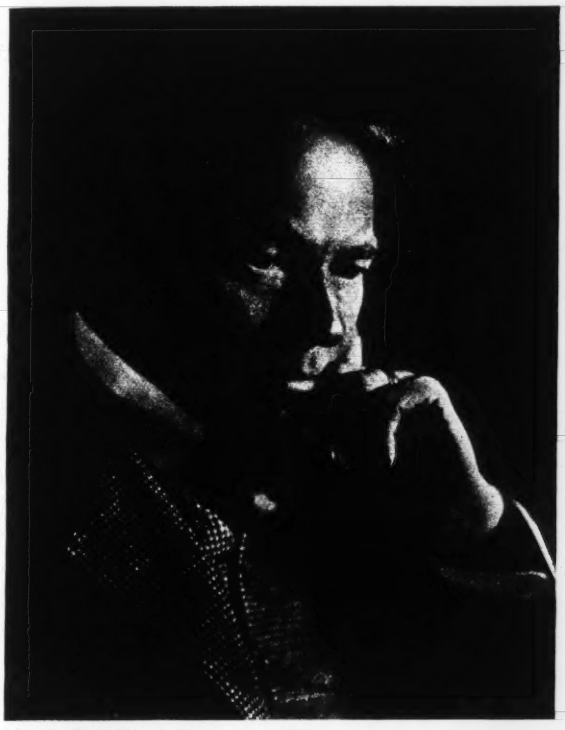


Photo by E. O. Hoppé, Baron's Court, W.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

the cow that Robina buys for milking purposes; the doings of Veronica's donkey; the social life of the neighbourhood; the dawnings of a love romance between Dick and Janie, the farmer's daughter, and between Robina and the young architect, Mr. Archibald T. Bute, F.R.I.B.A. —there is the story, and even if it were not there, you have the people, and it is the people who capture your interest and make you keen to go on reading about them, no matter what they may do, so long as they go on saying things.

The house is not exactly the sort of house that either of them wanted: the father confesses that it is not exactly the one he was looking for himself; Dick asks him if he had any reason at all for buying it, and he explains that having to choose between buying a house and building one he resolved to buy one:

"'Talboys built himself a house. You know Talboys. When I first met him, before he started building, he was a cheerful soul with a kindly word for every one. The builder assured him that in another twenty years, when the colour has had time to tone down, his house will be a picture. At present it makes him bilious, the mere sight of it. Year by year, they tell him, as the dampness wears away, he will suffer less and less from rheumatism, ague, and lumbago. He has a hedge round the garden; it is eighteen inches high. To keep the boys out he has put up barbed-wire fencing. But wire fencing affords no real privacy. When the Talboys are taking coffee on the lawn, there is generally a crowd from the village watching them. There are trees in the garden; you know they are trees—there is a label tied round each one telling you what sort of tree it is. For the moment there is a similarity about them. Thirty years hence, Talboys estimates, they will afford him shade and comfort; but by that time he hopes to be dead. I want a house that has got over all its troubles; I don't want to spend the rest of my life bringing up a young and inexperienced house.'

"'But why this particular house?' urged Robina, 'if, as you say, it is not the house you wanted.'

"'Because, my dear girl,' I answered, 'it is less unlike the house I wanted than other houses I have seen. When we are young we make up our minds to try and get what we want; when we have arrived at years of discretion we decide to try and want what we can get. It saves time. During the last two years I have seen about sixty houses, and out of the lot there was only one that was really the house I wanted. Hitherto I have kept the story to myself.'"

It is a ridiculous and amusing story, and I should repeat it here if there was room; but you can read it in the book. There are some sly, irresistibly funny descriptions of the "artistic house," and of the usual illustrations of it. There is a good deal of wistfulness and wise tenderness in the humour of the father's musings on the ideal children he had hoped to have, and the unideal children he had got; there is plenty of common sense and worldly wisdom underlying the genial merriment of the book: there are farcical incidents that tickle you to more than a smile, and not a few aphorisms—such as "There are two kinds of love: there is the love that kneels and looks upward, and the love that looks down and pats. For durability I am prepared to back the latter"—that are not the less acute and true because they wear the motley.

In a word, this is just the book we are thankful for nowadays. Almost every other man you meet can write a readable novel, but the number of men who could have enlivened us with such a bookful of laughter as "They and I" are so few that you could count them on one hand, without using all the fingers.

A.

THE PAGEANT OF LONDON.*

"No man was ever vain enough to suppose that he knew London," says Mr. Hutchings, in the course of his preface to these two handsome volumes. "Many know London in a few of its aspects; a few know it in many of its aspects; no one knows it in all its aspects." London is more or less unknown, and remains more or less unknowable both because of its immensity and because it is never the same place for many years in succession. It is for ever growing, decaying and renewing itself materially and spiritually. It is considerably less than half a century since Dickens died, but you will look for his Londoners and for his London almost in vain; within the span of a single lifetime the face of things so changes here that where we were familiar and at home yesterday, we walk to-day as strangers; and by the time we have grown somewhat acquainted with our new surroundings it is to-morrow, and the newness of yesterday is obsolete and done away with, newer ideals, newer manners, newer methods, newer fashions have risen from its ashes, and we are aliens again in our own city.

It would be a city of the dead were it otherwise, and it is just because it is continually developing and changing as all living organisms must, and through all its changes keeps still the glory and glamour of its wonderful past about it

* "London Town Past and Present." By W. W. Hutchings. Illustrated from old prints, photographs, and drawings. 2 vols. 10s. net each. (Cassell.)

Room in the Old "Cock" Tavern.

"O plump head-waiter at The Cock
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port."

Tennyson, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.*

From "London Town Past and Present," by W. W. Hutchings. (Cassell.)

like an atmosphere, that the fascination of London is perennial. You cannot weigh and measure it, and crack it open and come to an end of your studying, and so yawn and grow weary of it, as you could if it were a mere fossil city, and had nothing but a past. It has had a great past, it is having a great present, and so far as one can see it is going to have a great future, and you may grow wise in the first two, and have glimpses of the last in Mr. Hutchings's pages. In his introduction he gives a brief and vivid survey of London from its misty and legendary beginnings in the nights and days of two thousand years ago down to our own day; then, in his first chapter, he begins his full and detailed history with the story of the first St. Paul's Cathedral, thence progressing to a panoramic chronicle of the streets that have sprung up all about it—Paternoster Row, Cheapside, the Guildhall, the Mansion House, Royal Exchange, Stock Exchange, Bank of England, and other such of the famous institutions and thoroughfares through which the town's life has flowed for centuries past. A suggestive chapter by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer on the future in London closes the second volume. Mr. Hutchings has done his work admirably; he has an easy and picturesque narrative style, and marshals his splendid pageant skilfully and effectively. The hundreds of plans and miscellaneous illustrations add immensely to the interest and value of what is certainly one of the most thoroughly interesting books of the many that have been written on this inexhaustible subject.

Stow's Monument in St. Andrew Undershaft.
From "London Town Past and Present," by W. W. Hutchings. (Cassell.)

TO THE GENTLE READER.*

The easy and obvious thing would be to laugh Mr. Bennett's advice to scorn, call him supercilious names and make epigrams at his expense. As if, forsooth, one could dictate on such a matter as literary taste, a gift of the capricious gods, who may not be cajoled into bestowing it where they will not. We, the elect, have no need of Mr. Bennett's information, while to them, the others (poor things), it can have no meaning. So we muse, in the pride of our sophisticated hearts.

And all the while, deep in those same sophisticated hearts, we know that we are wrong. There *is* such a thing as the deliberate cultivation of literary taste; an excellent thing, too.

Mr. Bennett writes primarily for those who are no great readers, who are content with the latest novel and abhor the name of poetry. I suppose such can be taught to read. I do not know. But I do know that, in these days, there are many even among booklovers who may well profit by his main injunction: "Read the classics."

We are apt to shy at the word "classic." It is so suggestive of educational editions and of democratic series. So, rising superior to education and democracy but not to labels, we neglect the thing for which it stands. And seeing that it stands for at least nine-tenths of what there is of literature worth reading, that is a little foolish.

Instead, therefore, of resting content with the old, we go in quest of the new, which vitiates our perceptions with its cruder colours and sharper savours, and gives us a taste too violent to be satisfied with the mellow. Then the colours fade and the savours stale. Yesterday, for instance, we were reading the decadents as though they had spoken the last and eternal word. To-day they are dead as Martin Tupper.

Then we say that we ought to read modern books to keep in touch with the times. That is nonsense. Here and there a modern author gives you a good picture of the time from his personal point of view. But very possibly he squints. If you want to be in touch with the times, you read the newspaper. I know there is an august saying that if we want to understand an age we study its literature. But we do not. We study the hard, dry facts of its history. We read literature to get in touch with eternity.

There is surely a strong probability that the books which we call classics, whose memory has been kept green by those who know ("the passionate few," Mr. Bennett prettily calls them), have some quality unpossessed of all but the exceptions of this year's literary harvest, a quality which would endear them to the intelligent many did they but read them. Take an example. Say we know our Shakespeare, as we probably do not; there are also Marlowe and Webster, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, men who, though not to be classed with Shakespeare, have lasted as we have no warrant for asserting that Shaw or Galsworthy will last. Read "Dr. Faustus" or "The White Devil," and you will feel them to be full of a fire of which the modern intellectual dramatist, concerned with the sociological problems of to-day, is incapable. Read great modern books, too, if you can find them. But it will be a memorable year that supplies you with a week's reading.

On the details of Mr. Bennett's instructions it is impossible to pass judgment without having subjected them to a practical test. They appear, however, so immaculate that one is glad to be able to convict him of a lapse of logic. He says that "the total amount of fine literature created in a given period of time differs from epoch to epoch, but it does not differ much." Later, when he supplies lists of books for an ideal English library, the nineteenth century is represented by a considerably larger number of volumes than all the rest put together. But for spoiling a good book, I should go through those lists with a blue pencil.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Literary Taste: How to Form It." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (New Age Press.)

THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

M. Hanotaux's fourth volume concludes his work and closes what he calls "the first period of the story of the Third Republic." It opens with Marshal MacMahon's reactionary *coup d'état* on May 16, 1877, and ends with the death of Gambetta on the last day of 1882. During these five years France saw seven Ministries, but the decisive facts of the period are the parts played by two statesmen of remarkable gifts and force of character, and the triumph of a single and consistent policy. The two outstanding figures were Gambetta and Jules Ferry, and the policy they promoted was the drawing together of the democracy and the *bourgeoisie*, and the alliance of both in defence of the Republic.

When MacMahon, acting in the interests of a mon-

* "Contemporary France." By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated from the French by E. Sparvel-Bayly. Vol. IV. (1877-82). 15s. net. (Constable.)

archical and clerical faction, dismissed the Jules Simon Ministry and dissolved the Chamber, he precipitated the first of the three great crises which the Republic has had to face. The Boulangist and the Dreyfus affairs were equally threatening, but less important in their results, for the elections of October, 1877, inaugurated a period of administrative reform that has shaped the fate of France. MacMahon's action seemed at first likely to be successful. He had behind him the Church, the army, the aristocracy, the more timid *bourgeoisie*, and the whole force of the administrative machine. M. de Foutrou, the Minister of the Interior, sent out instructions to the prefects and the sub-prefects, informing them that the Government had "not only the right but the duty to acquaint the voters with those candidates who support its policy and those who combat it," and that "no hostility would be tolerated in any official." Every official throughout the country became an election agent on behalf of the Reaction, and it was hoped that the Republican party of 363 Deputies would be swept out of the Chamber. In the middle of the struggle, Thiers, "the most illustrious, the most sagacious, the most obstinate of *bourgeois*," died. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the campaign, and looked forward to "the triumph of Republicanism as an act of vengeance, reparation, and resurrection." The weight of his name and his record had been a valuable help but, as M. Hanotaux puts it, "he died, like Voltaire, at a propitious moment. Nature and fortune smiled upon him till the end; death itself was indulgent towards him, she carried him away suddenly, and on the shield of a renewed popularity." "1830, 1848, 1852, 1870—the echoing dates of the century—marched with the so lightly laden bier towards the Père-Lachaise, where the last shots of the Commune had been fired." Jules Grévy succeeded him as head of the party, and "from the day of M. Thiers' funeral until the day of the elections, the life of the country can be compared to the puffing of two locomotives hurled on one line against each other." The elections resulted in some losses to the Republican majority, but the contest had fused the party together, and the Republic was safe.

Gambetta's fire and eloquence had been the decisive factor in the struggle, and in the bitter conflict with the Church that now began he continued to make himself felt. There could not be a greater contrast than that between Grévy's cold and colourless disposition and Gambetta's ardent temperament. M. Hanotaux admits that the choice of Grévy for the Presidency was a mistake, and his account of the intrigues that thwarted and finally overcame Gambetta does not make pleasant reading. Himself a pronounced Republican, M. Hanotaux gives a candid and impartial picture of the Duc de Broglie, Marshal MacMahon, Freycinet, and other leaders of the opposing party. But the portrait of Gambetta, begun in the preceding volume and completed in this, dwarfs all the others. "The power of organisation, the faculty of command, the gift of honest eloquence," says M. Hanotaux in his final summary, "were his above the common measure. He explained his generation to itself; at the sound of his words France understood herself and her desires. It is hard to be a prophet in one's own country, but such minds as his draw men on to progress."

Foreign policy occupies a large space in this volume. The Russo-Turkish War and the relations between Gambetta and Bismarck are treated in detail, as are also the Balkan complications, the Congress of Berlin, and the French occupation of Tunis. M. Hanotaux's position as Foreign Minister in the Méline Government enables him to treat these matters in the light of inside knowledge. He quotes from the unpublished memoirs of Count Schouwaloff and from other sources, but upon the whole he must be regarded as giving us some *documents pour servir* for the history of recent diplomacy rather than as furnishing an ordered study of the subject. The value of his work lies in its account of French internal policy during five critical and dramatic years.

A. W. Evans.

WHITE OF SELBORNE.*

Close students of Gilbert White will probably be inclined to give this book but a supercilious reception, for close students of any subject are generally arrogant, so far as that subject is concerned, and take for granted that every book written upon it must needs be written expressly to suit themselves. They make no allowance for the fact that the majority of mankind are not close students of that particular subject, and that the author who is not too self-important to write for that larger public is doing a very necessary work and a work that may in its way be very valuable, even though it contains no new facts and throws no new light on whatever it has to tell.

Mr. Shelley pays tribute, in his preface, to Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White's "Life and Letters of Gilbert White," and thereafter sets himself to do no more than supply a briefer study of the great naturalist's career, to give, as he says, "some account of the author and his environment, the man and the village," by way of introduction to a reading of the "Natural History of Selborne." Such a narrative, he says, "it is the ambition of these pages to supply," and one may say at once that this ambition is adequately fulfilled. There are four chapters dealing with "The Man," three with "The Village," and some forty pages containing carefully selected "Cameos from the Natural History."

In a pleasant, interesting, gossipy fashion, Mr. Shelley unfolds the simple story of White's placid, uneventful life, and succeeds in making his reader realise the charm and lovableness of the man; he describes the village, the surrounding country, White's house and garden, and especially notes anything and everything that still remains

* "Gilbert White and Selborne." By Henry C. Shelley. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Gilbert White's Sundial.
From "Gilbert White and Selborne," by Henry C. Shelley. (T. Werner Laurie.)

there as it was when White was living and writing. This is not, let it be repeated, a book for the finished student, but for the general reader, who will unfailingly and heartily enjoy it, and be led by it to read the "Natural History" if he has never read it before. The fourteen photographic illustrations are excellent.

CAMEOS.*

The merit of this excellent little series is in its method. Mr. Ransome chooses some three or four of the most characteristic short stories of the writer he is dealing with, uses either a classical English version, such as Lafcadio Hearn's rendering of Gautier's tales, or an entirely new translation, and then throws himself into an expository introduction with a zest and enthusiasm that carry his reader away. One can watch him flinging himself into the personality of each author in turn. His lucid and clear-cut portraits of these masters of fiction lend a new interest to the work of those of them we love already, and we swoop upon our own bookshelves and other people's for the works of those we hardly know.

Here is Mérimée: "Writing was only one of the interests of his life. . . . He studied 'la théologie, la tactique, la poliorcétique, l'architecture, l'épigraphie, la numismatique, la magie et la cuisine," without being solely a theologian, a tactician, a specialist in sieges, an architect, a decipherer of inscriptions, a coin-collector, a wizard, or an undiluted cook. On no shore did he burn his boats. . . . "Later in his life, when one of his juvenile theatrical pieces was to be played for the first time, Mérimée went to the performance, and heard a hostile noise in the house. "Is it me they are hissing?" he asked. "I am going to hiss with the rest." Hawthorne, "balancing souls between heaven and hell, never quite forgot his friendship with the fairies." Chateaubriand, who "came as if by accident upon the discovery of local colour," was "an epitome of his period. . . . He was born before the storm, and died after it. He gathered up the best of the things that were before the Revolution, and handed them on to the men who, when the Revolution had left a new France, were to make that country the centre of European literature. Rousseau and the Romantics meet in him. He wrote when France, her eyes still bright and wide after the sight of blood, was seeking in religion for one thing, at least, that might be covered by the tossing waves of revolution and yet survive." Balzac "made a world with the colour of contemporary France, 'an august lie, true in its details.'" As to Cervantes, whose "Exemplary Novels" are probably the least known of any of these tales, Mr. Ransome has an interesting suggestion. This narrative, with its peculiar movement, is the Europeanised form of Oriental story-telling. We are reminded of this author's capture by the Moors and long imprisonment in Algiers. And the Moors had lorded it in Granada only a hundred years before. "Scott told Lockhart that the reading of the 'Exemplary Novels' first turned his mind to the writing of fiction, and in Scott there is precisely the mood of uninterruptable story-telling that Cervantes shared with the Princess Scherazada."

"Stories from the Essayists" differs rather from the rest of the series, for here are Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Johnson, and De Quincey, and with them the "Characters" of John Earle and Sir Thomas Overbury, with the charming picture of the "Milkmayde," who "dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i' the night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them; only a Fridaies dream is all her *superstition*: that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the *spring time*, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding sheet." ASHLEY GIBSON.

* "Stories by Mérimée," "Stories by Hawthorne," "Stories by Balzac," "Stories by Chateaubriand," "Stories by the Essayists," "Stories by Cervantes." Edited, and with Introductions, by Arthur Ransome. 1s. net each. (Jack.)

THE ELDER SERVICE.*

To some minds it is a strange fact that two students will pursue the same course of study and arrive at different conclusions; to others there is nothing strange in such a happening, because they are individual enough to see that individuality is more common than the humdrum ever suspect. Here we have a case in point. Both Mr. Hannay and Mr. Thursfield have been to Colonel (the former lags behind the time with "Captain") Desbrière's "Projets et Tentatives de Débarquement aux Iles Britanniques, 1793–1805," and "La Campagne Maritime de 1805—Trafalgar." Yet while Mr. Thursfield finds some new matter and much to commend in the Colonel's researches amongst Trafalgar contemporary documents in the French and Spanish archives, Mr. Hannay sees nothing unusual in either of those two books. The latter does not even take the trouble to point out that the discoveries of this French military writer, whose work is accounted of some weight in his own land, show that Captain Mahan commits an error in his diagram where he depicts Nelson's fleet attacking the combined fleets in a rigid head-to-stern formation and at almost right angles to the enemy. As Mr. Thursfield says in other words, some writers (and possibly Captain Mahan amongst them, although this is hardly credible) seem to have forgotten that whilst Nelson was bearing down east-by-north to east-by-south (we know that this "wild" steering disconcerted the enemy as to where the attack would be made), Villeneuve's vessels were slowly forging northwards, across the heads of the British craft; thus causing the latter to have to haul their wind a little in order to come to close quarters. Mr. Hannay is also wrong where he says that if Collingwood's order "to form the leeward line of bearing" had been carried out, "his ships would have come into action in such a way that the most southerly of them would have struck on the projecting southern point of the allied crescent, before the most northern reached her point of attack near the centre." If Mr. Hannay takes a set of models, and keeps *every one of them working* as the components of opposing fleets would work, not forgetting that the French and Spanish were merely a *little concave* in formation, he will discover that he has made here what is termed in navigation "an error of judgment."

Whether Mr. Thursfield is a more practical seaman than Mr. Hannay, I know not, but in going further and more minutely into these matters of wind and course, general bearings and purposes of Nelson's two squadrons, he certainly "treads less on a sailor's corns." Yet he does this in a tentative sort of way. In fact, Mr. Thursfield's method of presentment throughout his three admirable Trafalgar articles—quite a third of his book—is the collecting of arguments from other writers, rather than hard statements from his own pen; except in his preface, which resolves itself into a somewhat long argument, freely stated and without corroborative evidence, for a more powerful navy, even at the expense of the army as it now stands. His articles on Duncan, the hero of Camperdown; on the lessons of Rozhdestvensky's silly nervous blunder on the Dogger Bank; and on "The Strategy of Position" are careful, well-thought-out pieces of work, although they contain nothing that is really brilliant.

* "A Short History of the Royal Navy: 1217–1815." By David Hannay. Vol. II., 1689–1815. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Nelson, and Other Naval Studies." By James R. Thursfield, M.A. With Illustrations. 12s. net. (John Murray.)

With his chapter on Paul Jones I do not agree. It seems to me that he has not sufficiently examined the inner character of "the father of the American Navy" as a something apart from the man's public doings. Or it may be that Mr. Thursfield has been rather too desirous to please American readers with this article, or he has fallen too much into Mr. Buell's ways of thinking anent Paul Jones.

On the other hand, Mr. Hannay never leaves us a moment in doubt as to what his opinions are. His method is the simple one of direct statement. Evidence may be, and often is, afterwards adduced; but the fact, as he sees it, is the paramount thing to him. He has the true historian's method; yet he could have been more careful, now and then, of his English and of his punctuation. Witness this item, p. 170: "M. de Kersaint, having shown a disposition to engage Commodore Forrest, consulted his two subordinate captains, and one of them answered that it would be a pity to disappoint the Frenchman." What he means is that, as the Frenchman wanted to fight, Commodore Forrest consulted his own subordinate captains. The fault lies in placing commas after "Kersaint "and "Forrest," instead of one after "engage." Mr. Hannay may think this to be one of "the animadversions of reviewers." But such things make up the "trifles" that Michael Angelo used so largely on his masterpiece of Moses. He writes, there "is no excuse for such errors as I have committed." Yes, "so narrow a space" quite excuses them, because "they are not very frequent nor very gross." He thinks that "some were inevitable"; perhaps so, but it was a wrong notion with which to start on so great a task, wherewith he has done wonders in this narrow space. Personally, I am not surprised to hear that the Admiralty has stocked this history; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hannay will bring it up-to-date by writing a third volume.

J. E. Patterson.

BEGGARS.*

Mr. Davies has published three volumes of poems, in each of which are lines and lyrics that make it clear to all who care for such things that he is that rare creation, a poet of genius. He has also published his autobiography, and now supplements it with this amazingly frank and quietly realistic record of the days he spent as a tramp and professional beggar in America. He has not read widely, but he is rich in varied experiences; he is not a man of education, but the simplicity, the absolute naturalness, and easy imaginative forcefulness of his prose are qualities in which no stylist, however accomplished, could hope to outrival him.

America would seem to be the beggar's happiest hunting ground, and in point of expertness, "the English easily come next to Americans as beggars, especially when

* "Beggars." By W. H. Davies. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Mr. W. H. Davies.

From "Beggars," by W. H. Davies. (Duckworth.)

England is represented by the Cockney. . . . The Cockney —and he alone—is admired by those extraordinary beggars who are born Americans, and who are conceited enough to think that they could by their energies live well as beggars in the poorest slums in the cities of Europe."

Here is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Davies's terse and vividly picturesque English:

"American beggars knock boldly at doors like kings' messengers. An imposing mansion with marble pillars is a challenge to them, and they dance up its steps and press the button of an electric bell with a violence that no familiar friends of the house would dare use; but an English beggar almost sinks into the earth when his ears receive the report of his timid hand."

They are a surprising and oddly interesting crowd, these tramps and beggars and happy-go-lucky rascals whose tricks and rascalities Mr. Davies discusses with such gusto and makes you so thoroughly enjoy. To read of the ease and the shiftless, careless happiness of these loafers and open-air wanderers puts you half out of conceit with the burdens of respectable civilisation and the worries and disasters, the restless wear and tear and hard-won triumphs of the strenuous life. You do not wonder that Mr. Davies should sigh at an early stage of these reminiscences of his;

"It was borne in upon me lately, with great force, that in those vagabond days at camp-fires in America, I was enjoying life as it will never be enjoyed again. I was then in a land of plenty, where the people were so happy and good-natured that a bold beggar could often tell them straightforward that he would not work for ten dollars a day, which would cause them more amusement than indignation, and he would still be assisted with the best of everything."

Nor do you wonder that when, later, he contrasts his former state as a happy beggar with his present state as a writer of fame, who has been praised by the leading critics and ranked with Defoe, he sighs for the days of homeless, blissful obscurity that are gone. He is a little cynical over the fact that he now receives scores of letters which address him as "Esquire," though his books yield him barely sufficient to live in "a three-shilling-a-week cottage." He tells how once of late:

"I was in the act of washing an old shirt, not having enough money to buy a new one, and I was not rich enough to hire a washerwoman, when a knock came to the door, which I thought must be the midday post. I dried my hands, and, sure enough, it was the postman, who handed me a small dainty letter. I opened this letter at once, and the first words that caught my eyes were—'Most Distinguished Sir,' and then went on to make a request for my autograph. The lady also

enclosed a list of fifty or sixty names of those who had obliged her, beginning with the head of the State. That, I said to my Uncle T——, is what they call fame in England. Now let us compare it to begging in America. If I had been in that country, I could have begged a clean shirt in less time than it took to wash one, and no person there would have offered me such a ragged one."

You have some amusing glimpses of this Uncle T——, "who is himself a good beggar, but confines himself to Wales, with an occasional trip to an adjoining county"; there are capital anecdotes about Boston Shorty, and several about that prince of beggars, Brum. Mr. Davies has a shrewd sense of humour and a subtle feeling for the inner meaning of words, and without any literary pretences has produced in "Beggars" a frank and fascinating chronicle that will rank with the best picaresque literature in the language.

A ROMANCE OF JOURNALISM.*

The last six months have brought us some half-dozen new novels of journalistic life in London; two or three were uncommonly well done, but the best of them was not so good as "The Street of Adventure." Indeed, one feels justified in saying of this latter that no better novel of journalistic life has ever been written in English. It is true, and it is thoroughly interesting. It is so true that many of us will have no difficulty in identifying the originals of certain of the characters, nor of that great paper, *The Liberal*, whose failure was one of the tragedies of Fleet Street. Mr. Gibbs has lived the life, and knows the best and the worst of it; he lays bare with a frankness that is sometimes almost cruel the inner life of a big newspaper office, shows you the proprietor, editor, the sub-editors, the reporters, the compositors, and the whole vast staff of the concern as they are behind the scenes. His hero, Francis Luttrell, a young fellow of a fine literary temperament and ideals, comes fresh from a quiet country vicarage to plunge into the roaring maelstrom of journalism, and finds agony and humiliation and triumph and fearful joy and disastrous failure in it, and disillusion enough by the way; then he withdraws from Fleet Street for a while and writes novels amid the calm surroundings of his father's house, but the fever of the days he has known is in his blood, and on the first opportunity he hastens eagerly back again into the strife and the tumult, and this despite the fact that even at the outset he had found that in going into Fleet Street he had come from Arcadia into Alsatia. "I think, indeed I am sure, that after a few weeks he knew he had left the hill-tops for the mire. To a man of his temperament, Fleet Street was a place of torture. A man who has read poetry and learnt it by heart cannot be content with writing paragraphs about cats at the Crystal Palace and murders in Whitechapel and fat boys at Peckham. . . . A man who has seen bright visions in enchanted woods does not go joyfully into mean streets, into the squalor and filth of human byways. Other men of education and ideals would not have suffered so acutely. With stronger fibre they would have resisted the influence of such a life more manfully, but Frank was so sensitive that every nerve in him quivered at the least touch. Every rebuff in a profession where rebuffs are constant hurt him frightfully. Every insult in a life of ceaseless insults left him with an open wound. To be born a gentleman, with instincts of pride and dignity and delicacy, is the greatest misfortune to those who write history day by day."

You are made to realise what journalism means also to the woman journalist, and to the journalist's wife. "Oh, it is bad to be a woman journalist—some people call us lady journalists!" says Katherine Halstead, who brings into Luttrell's life a romance of love that reaches no romantic end, ". . . but heaven preserve me from being a journalist's wife!" Mr. Gibbs has ruthlessly stripped all the gilt off the gingerbread; "The Street of Adventure" will inspire no young men with yearnings towards a journalistic career; he has taken certain drab realities of to-day and without trying to touch them with any allurements of colour or mystery has fashioned them into a vividly lifelike, curiously fascinating tale.

* "The Street of Adventure." By Philip Gibbs. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

A ROSE OF SAVOY.*

The later years of the reign of Louis XIV. have not proved as tempting to the biographer as the earlier period when the French Court was superb and the country at its zenith of prosperity. At the close of the seventeenth century the more interesting figures had disappeared. Colbert, the Grand Condé, Turenne, Racine, Molière, of course, and Mme. de Sévigné were dead, Mlle. de la Vallière was in her convent, Mme. de Montespan had fallen from favour, the boisterous Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière was growing subdued, the queen and the dauphine were no more, Monseigneur was dull, and his unacknowledged wife, Mlle. de Choin, was a nonentity at court, the three princes were very young, Mme. de Maintenon and the King were becoming more and more dreary; and yet, in spite of this seeming dearth of attractive material, a delightful heroine exists in the person of Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, the sweetest and most irresistible princess that ever came to France to marry a prince in the direct line of succession. Perhaps her playfulness, charm, and beauty stand in brighter relief owing to the fact that every one else was gloomy and that the country was passing through dark and troubled times. However that may be, her relations with the morose and disappointed king and with the bored and sanctimonious Mme. de Maintenon form a pretty romance. The latter's affection for the princess is the most human thing about her. For the first time in her life she forgot to calculate and scheme. She allowed Adélaïde to dance, to gamble, and to flirt—human weaknesses she greatly deplored in others. She silenced scandal, paid her debts with money destined for the poor, kept her escapades from the king, and when at last her protégée sobered down, she took a good deal of the credit to herself.

"The princess had altered very much from the frivolous, pleasure-loving girl we have hitherto known," writes Mr. Williams, summing up the cause of these changes. "The cruel anxiety she had suffered on behalf of her family in Savoy during the crisis of 1706; the terrible end of the unfortunate Maulevrier, for which, as we have said, she could scarcely fail to regard herself as in some degree responsible; the death of her little son; the suffering and misery which the war was entailing; and finally, the danger which menaced her husband's honour and her own position, had all combined to bring home to her that there is another side of life than that which is represented by balls and fêtes and toilettes and jewels and the struggles of contending vanity, and had strengthened and developed those serious qualities which had, until then, lain dormant within her." The author's style is direct rather than illuminating. His work is very thorough, and it is not easy to discover an inaccuracy. He has a solid knowledge of his subject and omits nothing. Also he is strictly impartial and rarely expresses an irrelevant opinion. His writing is not cold, but the artist's touch which makes personalities live is sometimes lacking. Perhaps on this account, he gains in reliability. "A Rose of Savoy" merits as much praise as the author's previous books.

After describing the relations between France and Savoy, an intricate subject which of itself would fill a volume, Mr. Williams deals with the French Court between 1696 and 1712, and incidentally with the succession of Philippe d'Anjou to the Spanish throne, the resulting war,

* "A Rose of Savoy." By H. Noel Williams. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

the renewed hostilities between Savoy and France, and the so-called Vendôme cabal.

The period is covered by Saint-Simon, Dangeau, Sourches, and many other memoirs, so that good stories are plentiful. One that is characteristic is told of Adélaïde by Mme. de Caylus. When Duchesse de Bourgogne she often visited Saint-Cyr with Mme. de Maintenon. One day, attired *à la princesse* instead of in the pupil's uniform she sometimes wore, she found a general confession in progress. She went into the confessional and knelt down. The priest, hearing the rustle of silk and thinking he had to deal with a fashionable sinner from court who preferred not to divulge her identity, administered a stirring admonition. "*Ma tante,*" cried Adélaïde to Mme. de Maintenon when the confession was over, "I am enchanted with that confessor: he told me that I was worse than Magdalene."

ROMANTICISM AND AFTER.*

In the dedication to Mr. Belloc's "Avril" there was something of an understanding that Mr. Eccles would in his turn make some such book as that very provocative little series of essays on poets of the Renaissance. Five years have gone by, and here is the book, and if in those five years Mr. Eccles has done nothing else, he has yet spent them well. The book he has made is primarily a selection of French poetry illustrating the history of the art in the last century. Besides this, it contains a survey of the continuous progress of poetry in France, from the Song of Roland to the successors of the school of Symbolism, that seemed, in Mr. Arthur Symons's spirited little book, so modern and contemporary a thing. Finally, it has, as appendix, a manual of French prosody designed for those who are "quite ignorant of it," but very illuminating also for those who, hampered by their English blood, are groping towards the ample light possessed by Mr. Eccles. All these things are admirably done, and if we quarrel with Mr. Eccles's sentences, that move like a regiment whose men are all drum-majors, stuffed out with valuable material, it is our laziness that is at fault for prompting our ingratitude, since these same drum-majors, or hoplites, disburden themselves, although with difficulty, and demanding our close attention, of incredible quantities of suggestion and thought.

Professor Saintsbury's "French Lyrics" was published in 1883. We have had since then "Avril," "The Oxford Book of French Verse," M. Dorchain's "Cent Meilleures Poèmes," and doubtless many other such books that I am not lucky enough to have upon my shelves. And now Mr. Eccles makes this very noble contribution towards the understanding of French poetry in England. It would surely be impossible for a modern critic to write a sentence betraying such ignorance as constitutes the foundation of that opinion of De Quincey's with which Mr. Eccles begins his Introductory Essay; "The French literature is now in the last stage of phthisis, dotage, palsy, or whatever image will best express the most abject state of senile (senile ?—no ! of anile) imbecility."

That was written in 1821. Lamartine's "Méditations" had appeared in 1820; Huge's "Odes et Ballades" appeared in 1822. Within the next ten years de Musset, Gautier and Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, and Dumas had published their first books; "Cromwell," "Hernani," and "Henri III et sa Cour" had been played; and the splendid last period of Romanticism had opened with a fanfare of mediæval trumpets. And to-day? The Realists, whose movement was itself but a logical and extreme development of some of the Romantic characteristics; the Parnassians with their scrupulous technique and revolt against the infectious, confessional element of the beginning of the century; the Symbolists, whose aim was the conscious management of a suggestiveness that the poets of all time have had as it were directly from the gods—all these have sung their songs, and there are men still singing, faithful to one or other of these ideals. But in poetry, as in painting, there is already in France a "Salon des Indépendents." It is a satisfaction to think, as we look across the Channel, wondering what wings will lift the poetry of the century that is still ours to make, that at least we do not look, like De Quincey, into an utter obscurity, but can see, if we choose, the men who, trying innumerable experiments, show the unrest from which the new French poetry will spring, and in which already some fine poetry, not often wholly French, is being produced.

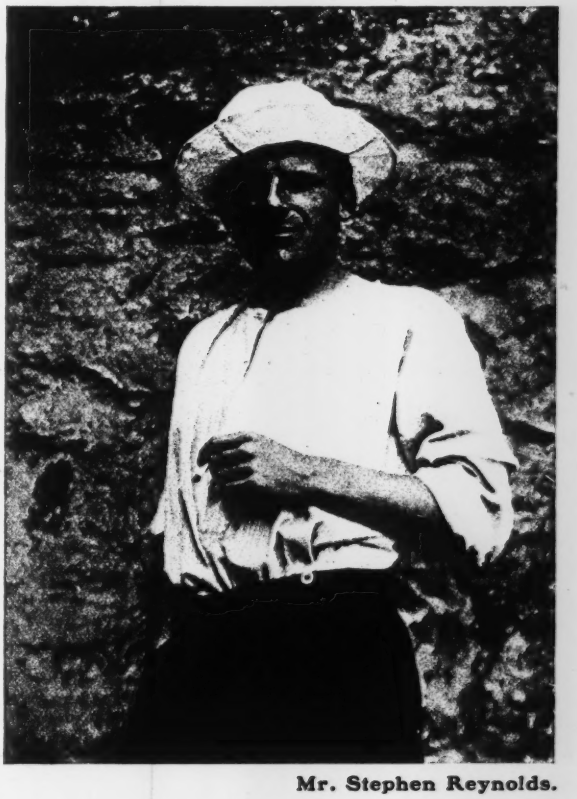
Arthur Ransome.

* "A Century of French Poets." By Francis Yvon Eccles. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.*

From the author of "A Poor Man's House" comes a novel, described in its sub-title as "a satire on tendencies." Mr. Reynolds's second book is in his second manner; he has laid aside those gifts of sympathy and tolerance which made his first book a document of outstanding value, to write a tale whose salient character is its vivid and unrelieved ugliness. As in a glass darkly, very darkly, Mr. Reynolds sees the world, at some period subsequent to the year 1912, the complacent prey of newspaper proprietors, American revivalists, and music-hall managers, finally confirmed in vulgarity, avarice, and lust. The wide scope of his story, covering the "Archbishop of all the Empire" on the one side, and Edith Starkey, woman of the streets, on the other, is yet not wide enough to include a single sympathetic character. There is common to all a marked quality of disgustfulness, both of body and mind. For this style of portraiture Mr. Reynolds discovers a singular skill: he has the art of disfiguring his creations with a phrase; and if it should happen that his men and women do not live in literature, it will be

* "The Holy Mountain: A Satire on Tendencies." By Stephen Reynolds. 6s. (John Lane.)



Mr. Stephen Reynolds.

because they belong to an order which the world will willingly let die.

The story concerns a miracle. It is borne on the broad back of that much-misunderstood text: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." From the neighbourhood of Trowbury, in Wiltshire, an effort of faith removes Ramshorn Hill, and sets it down at Acton, near London. The mover of the mountain is Alexander Trotman, son of the mayor of the town. "Far from a handsome or a hearty young man was Alexander Trotman. 'Sins of the fathers,' you might have whispered on seeing him." He has set his watery affections on Miss Julia Jepp, of Clinch's Emporium, "who was flat-footed, and walked badly," and it was while they sat together on the Downs that he, mourning over his impending departure to London, performed the miracle. It was as though he had opened a door to the whole vulgarity of the time. From London, on the heels of the reporters, comes Sir Pushcott Bingley, proprietor of the *Halfpenny Press*, owner of the controlling interest in the *Times*, cynic, financier, and monologist. He is not slow to see the value of a manageable young man who can perform miracles, and forthwith adds a controlling interest in the Mountain-mover to his other possessions, subsequently leasing him to a party of revivalists at the Crystal Palace and later to a music-hall. But the cream of the thing is in the new freehold created at Acton by the presence there of Ramshorn Hill—the Holy Mountain, as it has come to be called. While Alexander undergoes vicissitudes of love and ulcerated stomach, Sir Pushcott Bingley proceeds to turn the hill into dividends. I have no intention of taking Mr. Reynolds's story out of his mouth: the reader may learn from the book how a temple was built on the crown of the mountain, how the religious bodies of this country misbehaved themselves there, how the temple was converted into a People's Pleasure Ground, and how finally Alexander Trotman moved the hill back to the Downs and perished in the moving.

It is in the monologues of Sir Pushcott Bingley that one finds indicated the tendencies which Mr. Reynolds has set out to chastise. Elsewhere they are rather vague, unless one includes the tendency of drunkards to drink, of lewd men to be lewd, and cruel men to be cruel. But this newspaper proprietor speaks like a book. Of politics: "Liberalism and Conservatism are obsolete . . . Parties have become simply the machinery—and a deuced clumsy one at that—by which the Press rules the country." Of the *Times*: "It is the organ of the deferred payment system, unrivalled . . . at selling unnecessary commodities to people who can't afford them." Of national ideals: "One imperial nation, one God, one Church, one King, one newspaper, and one Director of the lot. That is the watchword for our great and glorious race." Of the Church: "What the Church misses is its ancient power of excommunication. Nobody takes any notice of its thunders nowadays. It is like an old lady whose complaints are received with the forbearance due to her senility, and whose charities have come to be regarded as rights." Of Noncomformists: "They are our modern priestcraftsmen, even though their priests may be merely retired tradesmen, made into preachers in order to flatter their money out of them (*sic*) and to keep them faithful, when social considerations would naturally urge them towards the Church." Of temperance: "There is nothing like temperance, unless it's education, for pandering to the desire of every virtuous man and every busybody to be his brother's keeper." There are several pages of this; it would serve no purpose to multiply specimens, but one perceives that at this rate it is not hard to write satire.

There is a stage of mental development which is marked by the decay of scorn. One ceases to see a humorous aspect in pain and poverty; one loses zest for exhibitions of incomplete humanity. "The Holy Mountain" carries no evidence that its author has yet attained that charitable maturity. He preserves undimmed his keen eye for ugliness; and this is the main defect of his book. For the rest, as Sir Pushcott Bingley might have said in that lofty way of his: "Nothing is much easier than apocalyptical satire on apocryphal tendencies."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

SWINBURNE ON SHAKESPEARE.*

The disconcerting feature of Mr. Swinburne's criticism was always its lack of restraint. Just as his prose style, quite apart from its context of thought, was but too frequently disfigured by an excess of adjectives, so his literary appreciations, apart from their form of expression, lost something of their value by the sheer extravagance of their enthusiasm. We may admit, and admit gladly, that the primary function of the critic is to praise, but it was part of the generosity of Mr. Swinburne's nature that he seemed to find no language short of superlatives adequate for his purposes of eulogy. All his heroes—thus Coleridge, Landor, Hugo, to take three fairly modern instances—obtained at his hands tributes of esteem that would seem well-nigh to exhaust the vocabulary of praise. But it was over the great school of Elizabethan dramatists that his admiration reached a white heat. Marlowe and Webster he worshipped with a fervour only this side of idolatry. And as for Shakespeare—well, there is the little essay written four years ago, and now just issued by the Oxford University Press, to show into what transports of enthusiasm he is provoked by contemplation of this "crowning glory," as he calls him, not only of England but of mankind. It is indeed the very ecstasy of praise; it is all emphasis from beginning to end. The reader feels himself, as it were, in a tempest of eulogy, and though every now and then there are flashes of inspiration which open up wide vistas of thought before him, the thunderclaps of rhetoric, the rain of superlatives, more often daze and bewilder him by their insistence.

The disadvantage of such extravagance as Mr. Swinburne's, pardonable though it may be in his case since it had the justification of life-long and meticulous study of its subject-matter, consists in its not allowing of any proper gradation of praise. If "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is, as the modern poet assures us, "probably, or rather surely, the most beautiful work of man," what words, unless "beautiful" here is to have a very restricted meaning, are to convey the sublime and dreadful beauty of "King Lear"? If on the strength of the trilogy of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." alone Shakespeare is to be accounted "the greatest dramatist of all time," what language is to do justice to the stagecraft and dramatic power of "The Merchant of Venice," and still more of "Othello"? Here is Mr. Swinburne's pronouncement on "Pericles":

> "In simplicity, in sublimity, in purity of pathos, and in harmony of impression, it is above comparison with any but the greatest of the author's other works. The Homeric tragedy and terror of the storm, the Vergilian tenderness and fragrance of floral and musical tribute from a maiden mourning for the dead, the vivid and noble pathos of reunion between a forlorn father and a heroic child could have been given, as here they are given, by Shakespeare alone, and by Shakespeare only at the very height and consummation of his most human when most superhuman power."

But this play, only half of which seems attributable to Shakespeare, contains but the first draft of the future romances of "A Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest." If it deserves such impassioned commendation as that quoted above, where are the epithets that shall fitly voice their merits? And when Mr. Swinburne passes from

* "Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 2s. (Frowde.)

discussion of individual plays to an estimate of their author, he still sounds here and there the note of excess. Shakespeare, we are told, "could have taken Homer in his right hand and Dante in his left." To which there is the easy and yet, I hold, sufficient retort that both Homer and Dante were masters of the epic, which style Shakespeare never attempted; between them and him, therefore, there is no common ground for comparison. We do our king of letters indeed no real service when we thus pay him compliments, however honestly meant, that can be suspected of flattery.

I have dwelt, perhaps, at undue length on what, after all, is only one side of Mr. Swinburne's essay. There remain to be considered those lightning flashes of intuition which are only to be expected from a book in which one great poet studies the work of another. Small as it is, this little volume abounds in interesting reflections, thrown out incidentally as its author passes the more famous of the plays in rapid review. Thus he speaks of "Antony and Cleopatra" as "the greatest love-poem of all time," and urges that "Romeo and Juliet seem but a couple of casual young amorists, 'troubled with the green-sickness' if confronted with the sovereign pair who have 'the varying shore of the world' for background to their passion and platform for their action." He insists once more with his old vehemence that Othello's nature is wholly incapable of jealousy. He talks of Lady Macbeth as "the one wicked woman to whom Shakespeare has ever accorded the honours of heroism." But, appropriately enough, it is in connection with the supremest of our supreme dramatist's achievements, that tragedy of "King Lear" which is being performed at this very moment in London, that the modern poet's comments are most illuminating and helpful. Mr. Swinburne explains afresh the idea which he put forward in his contribution to Messrs. Harper's "Library of Living Thought," that in "Lear" we see for the first time in history a writer publicly championing the cause of the outcast classes, and challenging the right of their rulers to assume the rôle of a judge. Thus we are reminded of the king's conversion "from the royal egotism of a wilful and headstrong tyrant to the infinite sympathy of a high-minded and tender-hearted man with all sufferers under social negligence and misrule," and then Mr. Swinburne goes on to say:

> "In the noblest sense of an ambiguous if not indefinable term, the socialism of the revolutionary if not subversive sympathies which imbue with such thoughtful passion the inspired insanity of the vagrant king can only rest unrecognised as Shakespeare's own prophetic and fervent faith by the blindest and deafest of misreaders."

One other striking thought he has to offer on this same play:

> "We cannot honestly overlook the one great and grave oversight or flaw to be found in this tragic work: the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of Lear's only comrade and support in the first horror of his exposure as an outcast to the storm. That Casca should not meet us at Philippi must always have been felt as a disappointment, and must always be remembered as a default: that the Fool should vanish with the tempest, never more to be thought of or mentioned by Lear or by Cordelia, can be neither explained nor excused by any possible audacity or felicity of conjecture."

Such instances of Mr. Swinburne's critical insight might easily be augmented, but these surely are sufficient evidence that his Shakespeare monograph is but one more illustration of the truth that your poet is always your surest interpreter of poetry.

F. G. BETTANY.

WOLFE.*

If ever a man was belied by his books—or by his portrait—Wolfe was certainly that man. Shaak's portrait of him that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery is reproduced as a frontispiece to Mr. Salmon's volume; Mr. Beckles Willson reproduces a half-dozen different portraits, and it is hard to believe that a man with such a countenance did anything heroic. Yet, as we know, Wolfe had seen six years of fighting and was a Brigade-Major by the time he was one-and-twenty, and at thirty-two died in winning the great victory that added Canada to the British Empire.

Mr. Beckles Willson says "this singular youth was to war what the younger Pitt was to politics or John Keats to letters," and gives him place beside Nelson, Gordon, and John Nicholson. He did more for England in his short life, says Mr. Salmon, "than any soldier, except Clive, since Marlborough; his brilliant soldiership was manifest from the very hour that he received his commission." Never robust, frequently in poor health and in actual pain, he was the supreme military genius, a great strategist, a born leader of men; you read the story of his career and realise that Cowper summarised his high qualities in "The Task" with more truthfulness than is commonly expected of poetry:

> "Wolfe, where'er he fought,
> Put so much of his heart into his act
> That his example had a magnet's force,
> And all were swift to follow whom all loved."

Mr. Salmon writes tersely and vividly, with an admirable narrative skill, and in his appendices gives us Wolfe's famous dispatch from before Quebec, extracts from Montcalm's letter to the Parlement of Paris, a table showing the precise strength of Wolfe's army, and a careful bibliography.

The "Life and Letters" by Beckles Willson is the outcome of a peculiar and long-cherished enthusiasm for his subject; he has been so familiar, through birth and residence, with localities, objects, and writings associated with Wolfe that he says he can scarcely recall a time "when I did not feel I knew this tall, battle-worn young soldier far

Miss Katherine Lowther.

From a miniature by Cosway in the possession of General Wolfe until the eve of his death, and now owned by Lord Barnard.

From "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe," by Beckles Willson. (Heinemann.)

* "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe." By Beckles Willson. 18s. net. (Heinemann.)—"General Wolfe." By Edward Salmon. 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

General Wolfe.
From "General Wolfe," by Edward Salmon. (Pitman.)

better than many whose forms moved about me and with whom I spoke in the flesh." As far as possible he allows Wolfe's own letters to tell the story of his life; many of the letters are now first published, and most of them are wonderfully self-revealing in their frankness and unstudied simplicity.

Both of these books contain much new material. Mr. Salmon's is the more condensed and continuous narrative and makes the more popular appeal, but the ampler scope of Mr. Beckles Willson's handsome volume, with its numerous illustrations and the wealth of letters it includes, will probably prove even more acceptable to the serious student. The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the taking of Quebec is fittingly celebrated by the appearance of two such careful and in their different ways adequate biographies.

NAPOLEON AND HIS BROTHERS.*

Everything that touches Napoleon interests, and in nothing was the amazing romance of his career more full of mingled grandeur and irony than in his relations with his own family. The years of his zenith were years in which at any moment any one of his brothers might be offered a kingdom, or might be ordered to transfer his suddenly acquired majesty from the throne of the two Sicilies to the ancient seat of Hapsburg and Bourbon in Madrid. The poverty-stricken family of Ajaccio became a group of dynasties, which ruled nearly the whole of Latin Europe, a large portion of Germany, with Holland and the Low Countries. There never was such a magic-working brother. It was a little unfortunate that he was not the eldest son. The elder brother Joseph clung pertinaciously to the idea that he was head of the family. Napoleon's motives in thrusting greatness upon his brethren were not only those of pure fraternal affection, although it is certain that he wished to see them all properly provided for and partners of his own Titanic luck. But when he enthroned Joseph in Naples or Louis in Holland he desired primarily an obedient and active agent, and if Joseph showed signs of philanthropy or Louis of independence, the reproof was prompt and effective.

Mr. Atteridge has told very well his story of a unique family and an unparalleled fortune. He makes no attempt at formal character-sketching, for which we thank him, but as we read his plain narrative a picture of the different men is formed in the mind, and we achieve a happy familiarity with their various personalities. They are worth knowing, not only because of their intimate connection with the greatest genius in action of the modern world, but because they are interesting in themselves. With the possible exception of Lucien, they all possessed the negative quality of non-greatness, and the world watches with interest the spectacle of the man who is not great suddenly placed in a great position. Napoleon praised them in dispatches, he arranged for them quiet little campaigns and the easy capture of famous cities, he provided historic treaties for them to sign, and gave them the golden keys of opportunity, but they remained persistently mediocre. Perhaps it was as well. Napoleon certainly would have tolerated no rival genius in his family, and Europe, its ancient kingdoms overturned, its boundaries obliterated and laws and customs changed, could not have endured more than one.

Mr. Atteridge does his best in incidental matters to defend Joseph and Louis and Jerome against the charge which admirers of Napoleon have brought against them—the charge of ruining the Empire by disobedience to their brother. He is at least able to show that Napoleon was a sharer in the mistakes that proved ruinous. The Emperor, dazzled by his own fortune, was not proof against the delusion that he could accomplish any scheme. It is easy now to see how mad it was to move Joseph from Naples to Spain, when that mock Majesty was brought into contact with the reality of Wellington and his Peninsular army. How mad also to give the command of a wing of the Grand Army to the braggart and incompetent Jerome! The whole record of Jerome is one of shame and scandal, lightened only by his bravery at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. When at the end of the battle Jerome, wounded and tired, met Napoleon inside the square that was "like an island in the midst of a rout," it was the one heroic moment of his life.

"'It would be well,' said Jerome, 'if we who bear the name of Bonaparte could die here.' These days of toil and danger had made him a different man from the idler of Cassel and Napoleonshöhe, the Prince who had played at being a general in Silesia and Poland. As the Emperor looked at him, with his wounded arm bandaged up, his uniform torn and dust-stained, his face black with powder-smoke, he felt Jerome was a better man than he had ever imagined, the man he had hoped to see him. He took his hand. '*Mon frère, je vous ai connu trop tard*,' he said. In the midst of the ruin of Waterloo it must have been a moment of passing happiness for both."

It is interesting to be reminded that the grandson of Jerome through the American marriage, which was illegally renounced by the Emperor's command, is a distinguished politician, and was a member of President Roosevelt's administration. Mr. Atteridge has many interesting things to tell of the Bonapartes in America.

The brothers were singularly unlike in character. Joseph, King of Naples and Spain, who began the family fortunes by a rich marriage, was all his life more a lover of pomp, of large houses and stately surroundings, than a man of action or ideas. Lucien, who had the courage to resist Napoleon's command that he should renounce his wife, began as an active politician of the Revolution, but was for most of his days a dilettante lover of the arts, of Rome and of the Pope, by whom he was made Prince of Canino. He wrote and published lavish editions of mediæval epics with applications to his own time. Two of his sons were distinguished in science and philology, one grandson was Prince of Canino, another Cardinal, a third married the heiress of M. Blanc of Monte Carlo, whose daughter is

* "Napoleon's Brothers." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. With 18 Illustrations and 6 Maps. 18s. net. (Methuen.)

married to Prince George of Greece. Louis, the King of Holland, was at first a brave and successful soldier, but quickly became a premature valetudinarian who haunted all the Spas of Europe. The best feature in his character was his loyalty to the country of which Napoleon had made him king; he preferred to quarrel with the Emperor rather than sacrifice the independence of Holland. His third son was Napoleon III., of whose adventures Mr. Atteridge gives a brief account. Jerome's second son by Catherine of Würtemburg was the famous "Plon-Plon," who was a thorn in the side of his cousin Emperor. Victor Napoleon, Plon-Plon's eldest son, is the actual Bonapartist Pretender of to-day. But the Bonapartes do not rise to power according to the rules of primogeniture and the man on whom, according to precedent, the statesmen of France should fix their interest is the Pretender's brother, Louis Napoleon, General of the Russian army. Sedan, however, was even more disastrous than Waterloo. Mr. Atteridge has given us a most interesting book.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

Novel Notes.

TRUE TILDA. By A. T. Quiller Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

"Q." at his best is always good reading, and in "True Tilda" he is at his very best. Tilda is a child acrobat, a nobody's child, who has developed in the hard discipline of the show world an amazing independence and resourcefulness. The book deals with her rescue of a baronet's son from the Holy Innocents' orphanage at Bursley, an appalling institution which it is to be hoped has no original in real life, and her journey across England to the boy's home on the Bristol Channel. How Arthur came to be lost and how Tilda found him, the reader may be left to discover for himself. The story of Tilda's Odyssey is so delightful and so full of quaint characters that it would be a futile and ungrateful task to discuss the details of a plot which it must be confessed is a trifle sketchy. But Tilda herself is absolutely true. We know her and love her, for her unconquerable good temper, her audacious resourcefulness, and her loyalty to her friends. "Q." has the real romance writer's gift of translating us for a moment into a world of his own creation. His characters are real, not because they are like any one we know in everyday life—in fact, they are not a bit like the people we meet ordinarily—but they are real because "Q." has made them so. The genuine creative artist as contrasted with the mere observer, the recorder of details, convinces us by the vitality of his creations. This was the secret of Dickens's power: he always created his own world. Mr. Quiller Couch has something of this Dickensian creative power, and something too of the Dickensian cheery optimism. His characters are capital company, they take life cheerfully, and make the best of each other and of themselves. Among a crowd of delightful people, one of the best is the lovelorn bargee who calms his despair by writing "potery"—as thus:

> "I'd rather be in prison
> Than in this earthly dwellin',
> Where nothing is but it isn'—
> And there ain't no means of tellin'."

Excellent too are the Mortimers, strolling players always on the verge of bankruptcy and always buoyed up by the hope that an undiscerning world will some day recognise the greatness of Mr. Mortimer's Othello and Mrs. Mortimer's Ophelia. The awakening of Tizzer's Green to the possibilities of Shakespearean drama is told in "Q.'s" gayest vein. Then there is Mrs. Lobb, the fat lady of Gavel's Circus, always wondering what Mr. Lobb would have been like had he ever existed, and mournfully recognising that as an artist she must sacrifice everything to her "art." Last but not least, among a host of other friends there is "Dolph," Tilda's incomparable dog. It is a fantastic, happy, and enchanting world which Mr. Quiller Couch has created for us, and Tilda's journey ends all too soon.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Methuen.)

Cicely Clinton, the daughter of an English country house, works herself up into a state of discontent with a system which so completely subordinates the women to the men. Her father is an autocrat, well-meaning enough, but limited by the traditions of his class; her mother has long resigned herself to be part of the system, though it is hinted that she is no ordinary woman; her brothers are smooth-haired men about town, except one, who has incurred his father's anger by becoming a doctor and, further, by buying a suburban practice. Convention rules, and Cicely rebels. At the psychological moment comes on the scene one Ronald Mackenzie, a man of no birth, but whose feats as an explorer have won him the entry to such houses as Kencote, the Clintons' ancestral home. Also there is a faithful lover, a neighbouring squire, desirous of marriage but cumbered with death duties. It would not be fair to give Mr. Marshall's story away, but it is no act of betrayal to say that the ending is all that could be wished: the beginning will tell you as much. It is, indeed, a very pretty tale, one to be read without that unpleasant disturbance of the soul which seems to be the object of so many modern novels. It contains, it is true, a certain amount of satire, but it is satire of the mildest, as though Mr. Galsworthy had been tempered with sugar and milk to meet the needs of the public of, say, Edna Lyall. In spite of its theme, "The Squire's Daughter" is no red flag flown in the feminist cause. Its moral seems rather

Photo by Eva le Mesurier & Winifred Marshall, London, W.

Mr. Archibald Marshall.

to be that man may best show his appreciation of woman, not by giving her the right to vote, but by going into Parliament himself.

DRAW IN YOUR STOOL. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

As a display of versatility this book is remarkable. A collection of short stories is always a severe test, and some in this volume are scarcely above the ordinary magazine standard. But the best of them are of real merit and show Mr. Onions as a master of one of the most exacting of literary forms. Nothing could be better in its way than "The Bull." Bull-fights have been described times without number. Every tourist in Spain essays some description of what to the initiated is the most exciting and to the uninitiated the dullest and most revolting of all sports. It is rare indeed to find an Anglo-Saxon who can understand the amazing fascination which the bull-ring has for the Spaniard or southern Frenchman. We feel that Mr. Onions has got below the surface, and caught something of the excitement which packs the bull-ring every Sunday with a quivering, palpitating crowd more appreciative of the minutiæ of the sport than even the most experienced crowd on a Lancashire or Yorkshire football ground. The picture is etched in with the fewest possible touches, and the result is brilliant and unforgettable. Mr. Onions gives us that thrill to which the Saxon mind is usually unresponsive. In other stories, notably in "The Splosher" and "The First Foot," Mr. Onions shows a grim realism which recalls the work of Guy de Maupassant, whom he has manifestly studied. But in one or two his touch is not so sure, and occasionally in his desire for realism Mr. Onions becomes merely melodramatic. "The Choosing" is sheer Adelphi melodrama, and its inclusion in the book is distinctly a mistake. In lighter vein "The Golden Farmer" shows that Mr. Onions has a keen sense of comedy, which sometimes becomes rather gruesome comedy as in "The White Rent." He uses dialect with good judgment, and he has a sense of local colour, genuine knowledge of the countryside, not the painfully acquired observations of the conscientious tourist. The style is here and there a little strained; Mr. Onions does not always light upon the *mot juste*; but his work has a strongly marked individuality and shows a steady advance in power and breadth of treatment.

BLACK MARK. By A. Whisper. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Whoever hides behind the signature of "A. Whisper" had no need to shrink from putting his own name on the title-page of "Black Mark," for our ablest of living novelists could scarcely have written a romance that was more essentially romantic, nor unfolded it with greater dash and vigour and charm of style. It is a tale of early Georgian days, and from the first chapter in which you have Letty Beanders, looking like a handsome boy in her black satin breeches and French cambric shirt, fencing with her brother, you follow her through all her daring, dazzling, sad or happy adventures with a keen and unflagging interest. She is the most winsome and fascinating of seventeen-year old heroines; her very innocence gets her into many difficulties, but as often shields her from harm. She had heard of "Black Mark," the noted highwayman, and had bragged to her brother that if ever he molested her she would fight him and not squeal if he killed her. On the road to London, when she is dressed in a suit of her brother's in anticipation of the encounter, the coach is held up, and she promptly steps out and draws her sword, and Black Mark accepts the challenge. He easily disarms her, is on the verge of "pinking" her, but desists, without suspecting her sex or extracting a single cry of fear from her, though no sooner is it clear that she is spared than she faints and he guesses her secret. This meeting is fatal to both of them. He is a much better man than he seems, socially and morally, and his love for her, and hers for him, are strong enough to break through all danger, all opposition, and bring them to happiness together. Nevertheless the end is not the end of the ordinary romance, for this is not an ordinary one; it is a romance of extraordinary power and cleverness—the most attractive story we have read for many a day.

THE GHOST PIRATES. By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

There can be no need to recall to the memory two such remarkable works as Mr. Hope Hodgson's "The Boats of the *Glen Carrig*" and "The House on the Borderland." They are books of the kind that, once read, cannot easily be forgotten. "The Ghost Pirates" forms the last volume of the trilogy, for, as the author points out, "though very different in scope, each of the three books deals with certain conceptions that have an elemental kinship." The next sentence in his preface is a disappointment to us: "With this book the author believes that he closes the door, so far as he is concerned, on a particular phase of constructive thought." We can only hope that Mr. Hodgson may be induced to reconsider his decision, for we know of nothing like the author's prevous work in the whole of present-day literature. There is no one at present writing who can thrill and horrify to quite the same effect. "The Ghost Pirates" does not display Mr. Hodgson's wonderful qualities of imagination to such good effect as did "The House on the Borderland," nor is it so terrifying a book to read. Nevertheless, it is a very remarkable story, told in a matter-of-fact manner that materially increases its "grip." The author particularly excels in the creation of "atmosphere," but he is also possessed of a vigorous style and a wonderful ingenuity in the concoction of terrifying detail. Mr. Hodgson has his faults; his exaggerated treatment of the cockney dialect of one of the minor characters is unsatisfactory, and his punctuation is annoying. But when all is said "The Ghost Pirates" is a book of high literary qualities and a worthy member of a memorable trilogy.

THE THIRD CIRCLE. By Frank Norris. 6s. (John Lane.)

Nine times out of ten it is a mistake, or something worse, to go dredging into the back numbers of old magazines and newspapers and bringing to light the prentice work of an author who has become sufficiently famous to make such an enterprise commercially worth while; in the tenth case it is entirely justifiable. This is one of those tenth books; it would have been a thousand pities if the stories and sketches salved in "The Third Circle" had been left to their dusty oblivion in the files of the San Francisco *Wave*. Such things as "A Reversion to Type," and "The Third Circle" itself, a grim and subtle study, are almost as good as the best that Norris did in those later days when he was writing "McTeague" and "The Octopus." In "Shorty Stack, Pugilist," in the "Little Dramas of the Curbstone," in the slightest sketch the book contains there are touches of character, of imaginative realism and knowledge of the underside of human life which are instinct with a promise that Norris had only half realised when his short life ended. There is enough of brilliant work in these pages to make a reputation, and even to add somewhat to a reputation that is already made.

AUNT JANE OF KENTUCKY. By Eliza Calvert Hall. 6s. (Cassell.)

Aunt Jane is one of the most charming old ladies we have ever met, in real life or in a book, and her quaint reminiscences, humorous little stories, and cheery philosophy will endear her to every one who comes across her. She hoards up the numberless patchwork quilts she has

Aunt Jane.

From "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall. (Cassell.)

made during her lifetime, and in her latter years they become a source of great consolation to her. "I've had a heap o' comfort all my life makin' quilts, and now in my old age I wouldn't take a fortune for 'em," she says. "You see, some folks has albums to put folk's pictures in to remember 'em by, and some folks has a book and writes down the things that happen every day so they won't forgit 'em; but, honey, these quilts is my albums and my di'ries, and whenever the weather's bad and I can't git out to see folks I jest spread out my quilts and look at 'em and study over 'em, and it's jest like goin' back fifty or sixty years and livin' my life over agin." Aunt Jane is a staunch friend to all women, and regrets that the "discouragin' thing about a woman's work" as a rule is that "it perishes with the usin'. . . . If a woman was to see all the dishes that she had to wash before she died, piled up before her in one pile, she'd lie down and die right then and there," she declares. Miss Hall's book is a delightfully fresh and attractive piece of work, full of the sunniest wisdom and the kindliest humour—it is just one of those cheering, heartening stories that are so good in remembrance that you keep them on the handiest shelf, knowing you will want to read them again.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JACK. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This book is the story, part fact but mainly romantic fiction, of a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. The author, in a foreword, blames that siren sea for his fictional embellishments of the log of the *Golden Fleece*. He had no need to excuse himself, for the eight episodes comprised in the book all make excellent and amusing reading. Captain Jack is an engaging character, who divides his time and energies between perpetrating practical jokes and rescuing damsels in distress. In both these activities he is ably backed by his light-hearted crew. It is delightful to read how the imperturbable Edmund Ross impersonated the Empress of Croatia at an official banquet, and horrified the officials by pulling out a fat cigar. We do not think that he showed to such advantage in the sham duel with Lammarre, and its sequel. It was hardly playing the game. "Gambling in Dreams" describes the salutary experiences of a rather self-confident Oxford youth, who won £12,000 at Monte Carlo only to find himself in imminent danger of imprisonment. It was Captain Jack's bluff contempt for foreign officials, backed by a persuasive oar-blade, that saved him. The cruise ends, as was to be expected, under the shadow of approaching matrimony. One cannot rescue distressed ladies too often with impunity. Mr. Pemberton has written a rollicking book, the contagion of whose high spirits no reader can fail to catch.

A ROMAN TRAGEDY, AND OTHERS. By John Ayscough. 6s. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Ayscough delights in detestable wives and ghosts. In one of his Anglo-Indian stories he describes supernatural horror as "a sort of chilly, burning sickness, and pervading, penetrating sense of contamination, and vague dread . . . a shuddering, nerveless wretchedness, a sinking at the heart, as if one's soul should be slipping down out of its raiment of the flesh into fathomless, cold depths beneath." Two of his stories try to reproduce this eerie sensation. Two, including "The Roman Tragedy," deal with hateful women, who vex the souls of their husbands. The others are less tragic but less interesting. What "A Self-contained Residence" and "Love's Monument" exactly mean, it is not easy to understand; they are rather pointless sketches. "Reversions" and "A New Curiosity-Shop" are better and brighter work, but they suffer from a straining after improbabilities. The only tale worth reprinting is the opening one which gives the title to the book, and for which alone the book deserves to be read.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. 6s. (Methuen.)

The owner of the castle, Sir Gilbert Norray, conceives the brilliant idea of residing secretly in the neighbourhood and even in the castle itself, in order to avoid his duns. This naturally perplexes the tenant, who has come down from London to finish a book. The book, "Studies in Earth," does not come into the story. Mr. Brabazon, the tenant, has other matters to study, including the heart of a charming young lady named Perdita, but the romance ends with a melodramatic imprisonment of Sir Gilbert, Brabazon, and Perdita in some caves connected with the castle, where they study the earth to some purpose. The prisoners not only escape, but escape with the knowledge of a copper mine, which puts Sir Gilbert on his feet financially. An American heiress turns up also, with an accent which is not too pronounced and a fortune which is not fictitious. She and Sir Gilbert pair off. So do Perdita and Brabazon. Whether the latter ever published his book or not, Mr. Watson does not say. He had to look after Perdita's affairs, for that young person turned out also to be rich. From which it will be gathered that Mr. Watson believes in the good old habit of ladling out happiness all round to his deserving characters. It is a pleasant, if not an heroic, method of fiction. Those who take up this novel

will find that it contains a brisk, entertaining modern narrative, with rumours of a ghost and a burglar, a kidnapping, and a love-plot. Brabazon's experiences as an amateur detective are amusing enough, and Mr. Toosey turns out a more capable person than his name would suggest. The printing of Heine's "Lorelei" on page 222 has gone wrong, by the way, but that does not spoil a pretty love-scene on the water.

THE LOVE BROKERS. By Albert Kinross. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Kinross is certainly not at his best in his latest novel. His purpose has been too much for him, with the result that the author has spoiled what might have been a good book. Maurice Capel gets into trouble at a charity bazaar for kissing his beautiful companion. In order to quiet things down he tells an irate steward that the girl is his *fiancée*. She promptly holds him to the engagement, they marry secretly, and Capel at once leaves for Greece. The improbability of all these events—which take place before the book begins—is ungetoverable. Capel distinguishes himself at some Grecian excavations and is brought home only by a letter from his wife asking for her freedom. On the way he falls in love with (in justice to Mr. Kinross) one of the most attractive heroines we have met in recent fiction. After this his purpose—to show the rottenness of the Divorce Laws and the extreme rascality of the lawyers who make their living by divorce—is too much for the author, and most of the remainder of the book is a drab record of the means by which Capel attempts to accumulate evidence against himself. An uncomfortable ending seems to be on the tapis when Capel's wife obligingly dies of appendicitis, with—needless to say—happy results to the hero and heroine of "The Love Brokers." Mr. Kinross is always readable, and in spite of everything his book has a certain attractiveness. As a tract directed against the Divorce Laws it may be good enough, but as a novel we are bound to say that we do not much care for it.

THE WEIGHT OF THE NAME. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by George Burnham Ives. 6s. (Gay & Hancock.)

The name of M. Paul Bourget is of itself a sufficient hall-mark of artistic achievement, and in this instance M. Bourget seems to have been singularly fortunate in his translator. This fine novel, better known possibly under its French title of *L'Emigré*, is a very striking and distinctive piece of work, work that is clean and strong and goes straight to its mark. In its high ideals, its lifelike characterisation and its reasoned philosophy of life, no less than in its fearless and reverent religious faith, it reminds the reviewer of Sir Walter Scott at his best, Sir Walter freed from all that may be summed up as "furniture," though at the same time lacking the humour which is his crowning grace. Through all the clash of the old social code in France with that which is still crude and transitional, but vital with hope and with reform, it unfolds the tragic and educational necessities of man's evolving lot, in the difficult path which lies before him if he is to be worthy of his race and of his time, nay rather, of all that is highest in human thought of all races and of *all* time. Though the heroine may well stand beside the sweetest and truest of Shakespeare's women, "delicately judicious and strong of heart," and her lover is in every way worthy of her, the deepest passion and most vital interest of the book lie in the relation of that lover with the man who is infinitely dear to him and whom he had always supposed to be his father. At a crucial moment he discovers that this man was betrayed by his dead mother and is of no kin to him at all. The revelation is a terrible shock to both men, and in the far-reaching and tragic consequences of the mother's sin a heavy indictment is brought by this dignified and reticent novel against those insidious forces which corrupt and disintegrate the family and the State.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. By J. Storer Clouston. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

James Heriot Walkingshaw, Writer to the Signet, was respectable. His house was respectable, his profession was respectable, he enjoyed a respectable practice, and he had brought up a respectable family. Everything about him was appallingly correct. He was a depressing monument of respectability. In short, he positively reeked of it. But in an unlucky moment he put himself in the hands of Professor Cyrus, who held the view that all bodily ills were traceable to lack of stimulation in the nerve cells, and his nerve cells were stimulated to such an extent that instead of growing older he grew daily younger. From being taciturn and correct he became jocular and even frisky. Respectable Edinburgh was staggered. He became romantic, and revising all his formerly cherished ideas on the subject of marriage he displayed a terrifying zeal for the union of young people with no other qualification for matrimony than the fact of being in love with one another. The mere notion of James Heriot Walkingshaw deigning to recognise such a frivolous proceeding as falling in love was staggering. But respectability was not easily to be thrown off. Walkingshaw had a son who was very far from sympathising with the sudden rejuvenation of his once respectable parent. It is hard for any man to shake off his past, and doubly difficult when his past pursues him in the person of an inexorably respectable son. It is an exciting struggle, and we follow with shouts of laughter the machiavellian devices of Andrew Walkingshaw for suppressing the untimely youthfulness of his progenitor. It is scarcely necessary to say that the author of "The Lunatic at Large" does full justice to the piquancy of the situation. Nothing could be funnier than the scene in which Mr. Walkingshaw blandly explains to his son, who has just been preparing with decorous resignation for his father's funeral, that so far from having any intention of dying he is feeling better than he ever felt in his life. Equally good is the speech which Walkingshaw senior delivers to his brother Writers. Imagine an elderly solicitor trying to inculcate into his professional brethren (also elderly) the duty of cultivating the *joie de vivre*. It would be unfair to Mr. Clouston to tell the audacious scheme by which the nefarious but always respectable Andrew is finally checkmated. We defy even the most experienced novel reader to guess how it is done. In handling a farcical theme of this type the essential point is never to let the fun flag for a moment. Mr. Clouston, realising this, rattles on at a breathless pace, and never gives the reader time to become critical or sceptical. "The Prodigal Father" is not perhaps so irresistibly amusing as the adventures of that reckless and exuberant liar Count Bunker, but it goes with a rare swing. Decidedly it is one of the funniest books of the season.

THE SCHOLAR VAGABOND. By L. Winstanley. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Winstanley has a certain originality which has stood him in good stead on former occasions, and it is his rather unusual hero and unconventional plot that will be likely to make his new book a success. Henry Neobard is an attractive creation, with an individuality of his own, and his peculiar temperament, that of a man who has been so long and so intimately in touch with Nature as to lose almost all desire or need of human companionship, is skilfully suggested, despite the occasional banalities and infelicities of Mr. Winstanley's style. One of the worst examples of the latter occurs on p. 50: "It would have been impossible to find a more perfect gentleman, and there were always the uniqueness, the unusualness." It

seems a pity that an author with real originality and charm should be guilty of work so slipshod as this. And again, the impression produced on the reader by some clever sketches of North Wales scenery is marred by the introduction of too much mediocre verse. Withal there is ample evidence that Mr. Winstanley might do really first-class work if he tried.

ASHES OF PASSION. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (John Long.)

Christobel Moore is, as Reginald Wilton puts it, an amateur artist, amateur musician, amateur everything except actress and temptress. In these latter arts she is amazingly proficient, and brings misery enough upon her husband, upon his old friend Maltravers, and upon herself. She is the last word in vanity, affectation, and insincerity. She had married the big, good-natured, trusting Wally Moore for his money, and Wally's blind belief in her is largely responsible for all the ill that happens. Maltravers likes her, and feeling that his liking is becoming something more, he is ashamed of the thought of disloyalty to his friend and resolves to go away and see neither of them again. But Christobel will not hear of his going, and Wally fatuously insists on his staying. Finally he goes in spite of both of them; but scandal is already afoot, and Mrs. Dolland, the intolerable mother-in-law of Tommy Thurbright, the artist, writes certain anonymous letters that force Maltravers to resign his commission and abandon his military career. He goes abroad, and later meets with a girl whom he loves with all his heart, and at the moment when it seems as if his best hopes will be realised, Christobel's malign influence brings his dream-castles tumbling in ruins about him. But the end is not there. The story is a clever and uncommonly interesting one; Mrs. Kernahan has handled her incidents and her puppets with ripe craftsmanship, and the result is a novel of character and sensation that we can unhesitatingly recommend.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PYRAMIDS. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Sladen declares in his preface that this novel is intended as "a counterblast to Mr. Hall Caine." He read two instalments of "The White Prophet" in the *Strand*, and felt that Lord Cromer had been unjustly satirised in Lord Nuneham, and that Mr. Hall Caine in divers incidents of his romance had been amazingly unfair to the British Army and British Administration in Egypt. That is as may be. Mr. Sladen's own story betrays a good deal of political bias, and if his example is to be followed we shall have some one writing a counterblast to "The Tragedy of the Pyramids" because he unfavourably represents the members of and the diplomatic agents appointed by the political party with which he does not happen to be in sympathy. But when all is said, this is of no consequence; the only thing that matters is that his resentment against Mr. Hall Caine has moved Mr. Sladen to write a rattling good romance of love, politics, and army life in Egypt. It is a picturesque and stirring tale of intrigue and revolt and the clashing of many complex interests, and the hero of it is a fine, military Scotsman who sacrifices every other of his hopes and obligations to his supreme duty as a soldier. Mr. Sladen's rather crude sneers at his political opponents are irritating; but away from them and in the thick of his story he writes vigorously and well, and proves himself an able and very charming romancist.

SHADOW-SHAPES. By Ella Erskine. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The chief merit of these sketches is their spontaneity and imaginative charm. They are very varied in subject, and though some of them are slight to attenuation, even the slightest of them has touches of fancy, of pathos, of

Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Miss Ella Erskine.**

picturesque descriptive vividness to recommend it. Perhaps the strongest things in the volume are those stories and fantasies of the eerily grotesque kind, such as "The Waxen Image," in which a girl of the present day is strangely and tragically associated with the waxen image of a beautiful girl who died in the days of Charles II.; such as "Yseult the Fair," with its legend of how the spirit of a dead woman entered into the body of a living one and for a time usurped her place in the world. There are little pictures of common life in town and country that are admirably done; there are tales of flowers and fairies that are dainty and delightful in their freshness and excellent simplicity; all through the book romance and reality, dreams and hard facts, the everyday and the weirdly wonderful, are so skilfully alternated as to make the most and the best of the sharply contrasted variety of the whole contents. Miss Erskine has individuality and a keen sense of the dramatic; her work in "Shadow-Shapes" is alive with interest and promise, and eminently readable.

LOVE, THE THIEF. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"Many shadows came and went about the Squire that night, some malefic, some benign, the room was hardly ever empty . . . it was not till early morning that the last of them had stolen away, leaving him—dead." The Squire—Sir Peter Pipelpenne—bed-ridden for the last year through an accident in the hunting field, has of late been in great pain; he keeps bright and cheery up to the end, when he is discovered one morning dead—poisoned. The idea of suicide is discarded by his friends, and foul play is suspected. The suggestion that one of those who loved him most has mercifully put him out of his agony is entertained by many. Suspicion points to one person after another as the criminal, and so skilfully is the tale handled that the reader is kept completely in the dark until the very end. The detective called in—Sergeant

Yawner—is of a refreshing type. With all his shrewdness he is too natural to be above making a mistake, and when his efforts are at length successful, we are far more pleased than if he had been the hackneyed, cool, calm, unnaturally acute investigator. Kit Mallory is a very lovable heroine. She is secretary to the Squire's sister, who lives with him, and has a secret that the Squire discovers, which leads to a great deal of trouble over his will. Kit has many moods, and in each one is delightful. With the Squire she is generally bright and flippant, doing her best to keep him happy and amused. "P. P." (a nickname she has given him), "there's a world for ugly women, and a world for pretty ones—the pretty ones need never despair! If you had knocked about the world as I have, you'd know it's all rot about being good and clever—it's *looks* that are everything!" "Jade!" remarked the Squire. "How many men, at a moderate computation, have wanted to marry you?" Kit pretended to count her fingers twice over, then gave it up. "You see," she said confidentially, "I don't give a man time to measure the irregularities of my features: I just smile at him, and the trick is done! It's awfully fascinating once you get your eye in. But don't you think love is terribly overrated, P. P., all that fuss, and then—one day for the man and the woman too—just the dates of their birth and death, and nothing of all that comes between?" "And it's only what comes between that matters," he said. This is one of the ablest and most entirely interesting stories that have come from Mrs. Reeves's pen, and the large public that has for so long welcomed each new book of hers will have read with keen regret her announcement that "Love, the Thief" is the last novel she will ever write.

LADY RODWAY'S ORDEAL. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Warden is well known as a popular and prolific writer of sensational fiction. She deals lavishly in murders and mysteries, haunted chambers, and ancestral ghosts. Without any pretensions to the graver literary merits, she holds the interest of a wide circle of readers by the ingenuity of her plots and her real story-telling gift. We must confess that we find "Lady Rodway's Ordeal" decidedly inferior to much of her earlier work. On the night on which Sir Charles Rodway, Bart., was found murdered at the cross-roads, a mysterious stranger, blood-stained and battered, sought and received the hospitality of Dr. Amersham's roof. So far, excellent. But alas! Miss Warden lets the cat out of the bag too soon. We had our fingers at the murderer's neck almost before the police, with their foolish notebooks, were on the scene. We were not kept on that pleasant strain of excitement that sends the fingers fumbling to the last page in a fever of anticipation. However, we do not doubt that the book will prove a pleasant companion for an afternoon by the fireside.

THE WOOD-CARVER OF 'LYMPUS. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Andrew Melrose).

A warm welcome should await this novel over here, no less for the delightful glimpses it affords of Olympus, a mountain-corner of New England, than for its moving pathos and quaint humour, enriched by the racy dialect of Aunt Lize, Uncle Shim, and the adopted Twiddie. Struck down, in his twenty-first year, by a falling log, Hugh Armstrong is doomed to spend the rest of his days on his back, a hopeless, bedridden cripple, maddened by a fierce resentment at his lot. A year and more pass by, but his passion still simmers. "Where is that log?" he muses. "... I'd like to have it snaked down here before it turns to punk and get at it, just once, to hew and hack it into dead half-inch pieces—the damned, senseless, half-end hulk that has taken the life of me as a man and cheated me of my birthright." The course of this terrible rage, with its accompanying moods of self-destruction, the tenderness and care of the little mountain family, are described with simple and touching eloquence. In such an atmosphere every utterance and every action of those about him become charged with hidden meaning. The sight of Aunt Lize "helping Uncle Shim load on the ripened corn—doing *my* work!" fills him with madness. "I can't help it; I've struck twice—hard—with my shepherd's crook at the log-end of me; if I could but feel the tingle of the blood again—clod—clod—clod that I am!" Then comes a stranger to 'Lympus, attracted by the story of Twiddie, the child who is growing up to inherit her dead mother's shame. This visit is the salvation of Hugh, who finds life in the shape of work—wood-carving, for which he has a natural gift—and in the recognition of Twiddie's love for him. The tangled love-affairs of Madeline Cope and her friends and the mystery of Twiddie's father are less interesting features of an exceptionally clever book.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By John Masefield. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

As a psychological analyst, Mr. Masefield is growing interesting. His "Captain Margaret" was a clever and unusual piece of work, though hardly a novel. "Multitude and Solitude" is even less a novel, the while it is cleverer and more unusual. Its first half almost reads like the "Apologia" of John Masefield; its second—its second is an absorbing study of that most interesting tropical disease, sleeping sickness. Roger Naldrett, an author, writes a play that is damned on its first night. The audience, the critics, the people in the streets afterwards, are cruel, harsh, boorish. Naldrett's racked nerves are torturing him. Thoughts of Ottalie Fawcett, the woman he loves, do nothing to calm him. She is rich, he cannot ask her to marry him yet; he believes she is in town, though she has not written to tell him so. And his greatest friend, with whom Naldrett has watched the failure of his play, has just told him he is dying. Probably they will never see each other again. The next morning Roger is setting out to meet Ottalie, but a friend's accident detains him. He just misses her, follows her to Ireland, and finds she has been drowned in a collision during the crossing. Here ends the first half of the story. There is in it an insistent note of complaint, almost a whimper, that is the only fault we have to complain of in the book. Roger and the world stand too much in the relation of Gulliver and the Yahoos. He "comes out of the desert, to the people in Frith's 'Derby Day,' all locusts and wild honey, crying out about beauty. And they won't stand it." Just as far as this world of Frith's "Derby Day" is below Mr. Naldrett and Mr. Masefield, Mr. Masefield and Mr. Naldrett should be above it, and whatever it thinks. And beauty is everywhere, after all. It must even exist somewhere in a dramatic critic. But to continue. Roger resolves to do something for his fellows. It will be a kind of consecration of the rest of his life to Ottalie. He meets Lionel Heseltine, who has been studying sleeping sickness in Uganda for years, and has the disease dormant in himself. Roger's interest is fired, and they go out together. There follow African horrors, wonderful pictures at times, culminating in Lionel's going down again with the sickness. Roger falls a victim too, but not till he has discovered a serum, with which he cures Lionel, then himself. The poison of the tse-tse fly, whose picture is on the outside of Mr. Masefield's book, is terrible no longer, and Roger has done something for the world.

FIONA. By the Lady Napier of Magdala. 6s. (John Murray.)

Lady Napier has a proper contempt for the smart set in London, and a proper resentment of the English invasion of the Highlands every autumn. The tone of her story is unexceptional in these and all other respects. Fiona, the heroine, is a Scotch girl who is fond of painting, and who, on coming of age, retires to live in her Highland

castle. She is only too thankful to escape from the conventional life of London society, where a certain Lady Buscarlet of evil repute has spoiled her love affair. But as the novel ends with the phrase "he gathered her into his arms," the reader need not be afraid that Fiona's heart is broken or wasted. She does get chased by a whale when she is out sailing; her boat is upset; but *he* turns up in a motor-launch, after which the aforesaid "gathering" takes place. The Scotch scenes and people are drawn with evident relish, and the London scenes with an evident distaste. But the novel is rather a crude piece of literature. Slipshod grammar and turgid rhetoric are splashed over its pages. The "perspicacious reader" is apostrophised, the butler has "his myrmidons," the luncheon is "copious and excellent," and the nurses and governesses are "highly be-charactered," whatever that may be. The contrast between the old Scotch minister and the modern type is sheer caricature; here as elsewhere there is a sentimental extravagance of statement which unfortunately destroys the effect of her ladyship's just satire. A story of this kind needs to be told with a light, deft touch. Lady Napier is too eager to point a moral, and the result is that her outbursts of scorn or enthusiasm do not adorn a tale.

THE SCREEN. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Screen" is in a much lighter style than Mr. Vincent Brown generally employs, but the theme of the story itself is by no means so light as the style that carries it. The tragedy of it all lies mainly in the background; the few who know of it are bent upon hiding it; but its shadow touches many lives, and strangely influences one. In his youth Canon Rainald committed a sin that had troublesome consequences. He was the son of a rigidly religious vicar, and fearing the indignation of his friends, he turned his back on the girl he had wronged, and after the birth of her son saw nothing of either. He had written and told her, brutally enough, that he could never marry her; he had prospects of a great career before him and was determined to do nothing that could mar it. Years after, the girl married a good man; to him she made full confession of her story, and he adopted her son, who went by his name of Havelock. On her death-bed the mother tells the truth to her son, and gives him the letters she had received from his father, urging him to keep the secret and forgive the father as she herself had done. Presently, Rainald succeeds to the bishopric of the district in which the son is a newspaper proprietor. Havelock has no thought of revealing his identity to him until the bishop, who has been elected for that specific purpose, sets to work to put down certain high-church practices in the neighbourhood. He begins by ordering the removal of a rood screen that had been presented by Havelock's mother to the church of which his kindly old uncle is vicar. All other means failing to induce the bishop to relent, Havelock goes to him, resolved not to allow him to wrong his mother for a second time, and having disclosed his identity, makes his appeal, and this not serving, threatens that if the screen is taken down he will publish those old letters that the bishop wrote to his mother. That is the great situation of the book, and Mr. Brown handles it cunningly and effectively. The bishop's character is skilfully drawn; he is so thoroughly human that you are not sure whether he is genuine or a hypocrite; you have doubts on the point even to the end; but at the last you at least respect him and even feel some little sympathy for him. "The Screen" is an intensely interesting story, and the pathos of it is the more poignant for being always restrained and often hedged about by much that on the surface is trivial or even ludicrous.

CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD. By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (Unwin.)

It might be supposed that the theme of Mr. Bullen's new novel is a lonely life upon a desert island, on which his hero—a sailor, of course—has been cast. Instead, the main idea is a far more subtle one. The book deals with a sailor,—that one knows as soon as one has read the name of the author; but there are no desert islands. "Cut Off from the World," indeed, partakes more nearly of a study of character than of a novel of incident. James Tenison is a young man who goes to sea with the full intention of prospering in his profession. Partly through the fault of others, but chiefly on account of his own reserve, he becomes a lonely man. He is "cut off from the world"; he knows nothing and cares for nothing outside his profession. In that he succeeds, and his great chance comes when, as the mate of a tramp steamer, he rescues the passengers and crew of a burning liner. Among

Mr. Frank T. Bullen.

these passengers is a self-willed and beautiful girl, who promptly falls in love with her rescuer. In spite of frenzied efforts on his part, Elena, by appealing to his senses, cajoles him into marriage. Then begins the tragedy of his life. His wife is wealthy, but he insists on continuing with his profession. Through her influence he obtains a berth, first as mate and later as captain, on a line of passenger vessels to the East. All would have gone happily enough but that Elena is insanely jealous, and cannot bear to let her husband out of her sight. Contrary to all regulations she sails on the same ship as her husband to Calcutta. After a time Elena's conduct becomes unbearable, and there are mutual recriminations. She then (somewhat too conveniently) goes mad and dies, and her husband comes in for her own and her father's fortunes, which amount to some £200,000. However, Tenison remains in his profession, and, after some time, comes his happy second marriage, the book ending with the first stirrings of a religious feeling of which he had hitherto been totally unconscious. The hero is finely drawn, a man of a self-reliant but somewhat unsympathetic type, and with the gradual development of his character the author scores a real success. Those parts of the book also which deal with the sea are admirable. The author gets rather out of his depth with his women characters, but, on the whole, "Cut Off from the World" makes excellent reading of a rather unusual type.

The Bookman's Table.

SEVEN SHORT PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. 3s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co.)

Lady Gregory's collection of plays shows us at once the inestimable advantage of belonging to a tradition and a

school. The Irish school is not yet venerable or even widely respectable; it might even be mistaken for a clique: yet in Lady Gregory we seem to see a writer of no very exceptional ability who achieves some charming and fresh effects, and maintains a high general level of interest, because she is working in an atmosphere created by Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Colum, the late J. M. Synge, and others. Between them they have discovered or created the Irish dialect of English and the Irish attitude. In this medium J. M. Synge wrote one play at least that seems to us one of the few modern works of perfect beauty as extraordinary as its novelty. Lady Gregory's plays belong to the same world as all but the best of this school. They are not long flights. On the stage they would each occupy about half an hour, sometimes a little more, once or twice even less. For each of them she has met or invented an attractive story or incident. That she develops, by means of dialogue almost always beautiful in itself, in a manner which experience has proved suitable to the Irish stage. She has a sort of genius for wedding poetic with simple speech, and that seems to be a gift very widely distributed among her countrymen at the present time. Hers is the hand of a clever workman, but a hand that strays from time to time, as in "Spreading the News," where the magistrate with a past in the Andaman Islands is a character handled with more pleasure than success—perhaps with too much pleasure for success; or in "The Travelling Man," where we are taken along somewhat brusquely—and with too little truth in the character of the child—towards a preconceived end. Yet even these comparative failures are charming, and the first of them is good enough to set us thinking how admirably Synge would have executed it. For these and for the other, some of which, like "Hyacinth Halvey" and "The Workhouse Ward," were lately to be seen on a London stage, our gratitude is mitigated only by a regret that their beautiful speech can too seldom be heard, though to be spoken is a necessity for their real life.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY. By H. C. Beeching, M.A., D.Litt. 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

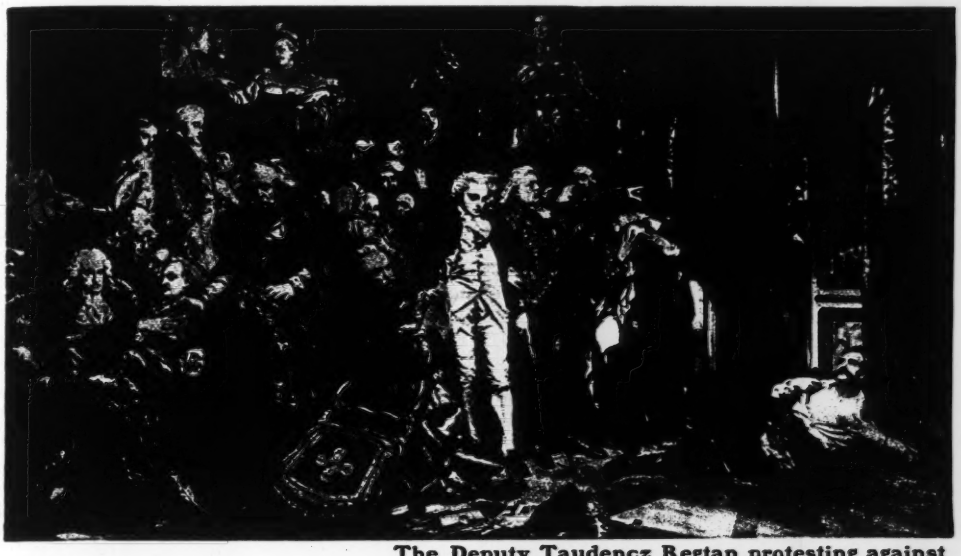
There is such a tendency nowadays, in the department of biography, to write what has already been written that one had begun to think that fresh matter was no longer forthcoming, and that, if repetition were forbidden, biography would inevitably be numbered among the extinct arts. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that a publisher is able to commence a series of books about "men whose lives have not hitherto been adequately dealt with," but who are of considerably more historical importance than some of the picturesque persons so often written about. If all the books in the series are as good as Canon Beeching's Life of Bishop Atterbury, it is certainly a worthy venture. Whigs like Macaulay have usually had the painting of Atterbury's character, which has suffered accordingly. His latest biographer has taken a more impartial view. He does not accept Dean Stanley's "worldly theologian" as an adequate label. If Atterbury acted on occasion more in the character of politician than priest, he was a better man than many of his cynical generation. He was hot-tempered and took part in many a quarrel. But he was also a humanist, in the best sense of the word. Canon Beeching, a critic and a poet, naturally lays stress on the literary side of Atterbury's life. The bishop was a friend of Swift, Prior, and Pope. He prefaced some poems of Waller's with an admirable essay. His own writing was chiefly in the evanescent field of controversy, where he wielded a supple pen. But he was a notable preacher, a good letter-writer, and the author of a few dainty lyrics. He was also a renowned conversationalist. His main interest in history lies, of course, in his dealings with the Jacobites, here treated, as we have said, with an impartiality of which Macaulay was incapable. Canon Beeching has, indeed, written a Life which for matter or manner could scarcely be improved on.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Edward Hutton. In 3 vols. Illustrated. Vol. II. 20s. net. (Dent.)

All who are interested in the history and criticism of painting will welcome this new edition of a great book which has long been out of print and fetching fancy prices. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their day, did their work so thoroughly, so accurately, and so sanely that it need never be entirely superseded. It is as permanent as Vasari himself. Yet, since their time, the science of criticism has grown apace. In the light of new knowledge it is possible to supplement their statements and correct their judgments. Their work needed bringing up to date as, from time to time, it will continue to do. Mr. Edward Hutton has made it, for the present, thoroughly modern. His method has been to leave the text as it stood, but to add copious annotations, referring to such later authorities as Mr. Horne and Mr. Berenson. Although bringing a wealth of learning into play, he has kept his own opinions in rigid suppression. The present volume treats of the Sienese School of the fourteenth century and the Florentine School of the fifteenth, bringing the story down to the days of the Lippis, Ghirlandajo and Botticelli. Nothing illustrates better than the chapter on the last named the change in taste that has come since it was written. If the science of criticism has grown, the art of criticism has been born. Crowe and Cavalcaselle were essentially scientific, always objective and impersonal. Botticelli, much admired in his day, was long ignored by the critics of rule and line. The authors of the "New History" were the first to treat him with any consideration, but even they set him far below Ghirlandajo and compare him unfavourably with Filippino Lippi. Pater's "Renaissance" was still unwritten, and the time when the technical perfections of Raphael and Correggio should be found wanting had not yet arrived. Taste is a fugitive thing. The wheel is ever revolving. It is as a mine of facts that Mr. Hutton is making Crowe and Cavalcaselle invaluable.

THE LAST KING OF POLAND. By R. Nisbet Bain. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Few people have written more attractively about the history of the Slavonic countries than the late Mr. Nisbet Bain. In his last book, which he did not live to see published, he set himself to tell the tale of the end of the Polish Republic, which, at one time pre-eminent in Eastern Europe, vanished from among the nations in 1795. It is the history of a decadence, interesting and depressing. Poland in the eighteenth century was at once eastern and western, mediæval and typical of its age. The houses of the nobles, palaces of luxury, were oriental, barbaric, in their magnificence; but the influence of France might be seen in the trim, fantastic gardens. The nobles themselves lived lives of inordinate folly, indulging in fabulous drinking feats and extravagant amours, doing things on the scale of an oriental potentate, yet with a taste for decking themselves as shepherds and shepherdesses in accordance with the fashion of Versailles. Whether their inspiration came from the rising or the setting sun, they cared for nothing but pleasure and their own aggrandisement. Public spirit did not exist. Poland danced while her territory was being divided among her neighbours. Stanislaus II., the last King of Poland, belonged to his century. He has often been blamed because the State crumbled to pieces in his hand. But, as a matter of fact, the State was already past praying for. There was little to be done for a country where the Diet could be dissolved and its enactments nullified at the caprice of a single deputy, where the deputies themselves were merely the



The Deputy Taudencz Regtan protesting against the Partition Treaty in the Polish Diet.
From the picture by Matejko.
From "The Last King of Poland," by R. Nisbet Bain. (Methuen.)

tools of a corrupt aristocracy. A genius might have mended matters, but Stanislaus was not a genius. He was, as all historians have been ready enough to testify, a lover of pleasure, extravagant, over-fond of women, not endowed with any great courage or resolution, essentially a child of decadence. But Mr. Bain has insisted on his better qualities. Stanislaus was a shrewd and practical man, with no little ability as a statesman. He had his country's welfare really at heart, planned and actually accomplished a certain measure of reform. But he had little chance of showing his abilities. With his country in a state of anarchy, his purse often empty, he was at the mercy of his great neighbour, Catherine II. The Russian Ambassador was a greater man in Poland than the King. And on the other side was Prussia, itching to extend her borders. It is true that Stanislaus failed miserably at the crisis. But the end was inevitable. Mr. Nisbet Bain's book is an admirable addition to the social and political history of a country with which Englishmen are not unduly familiar. It is valuable enough to merit a better index than it has and a bibliography.

AERIAL NAVIGATION OF TO-DAY. By Charles C. Turner. 5s. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Turner's experience as a balloonist has been very considerable—he was, indeed, one of Gaudron's companions on two of that aeronaut's record-breaking balloon trips—and he is unusually well qualified to write a book on aeronautics. "Aerial Navigation of To-Day" does not pretend to be the last word on the subject, but it undoubtedly fills a large empty space in the scientific literature of the present. This is a book which is popular in the best sense of that misused word. It is written for the general reader, it can be understood by anybody, and, besides being instructive, it is interesting. The author is wonderfully lucid, and his manner of exposition of difficult points leaves nothing to be desired. Besides exposition the book contains chapters on the history of ballooning and of mechanical flight, the probable influence of the flying machine on conditions of warfare, and kindred subjects. We are especially glad to notice, with regard to the last-mentioned topic, that Mr. Turner does his best to prick the alarmist bubble. So far as can be judged at present, the flying-machine will not be of much practical efficiency in war (the author is forced to admit that its moral effect will be considerable) except in unusually favourable conditions. The author's sound common sense and his absolute eschewal of sensationalism in dealing with these subjects is very noticeable, and the thoroughness with which he has done his work is deserving of especial praise. The one fault in the book seems to us to be that the information is at times somewhat scrappy. With this reservation we consider "Aerial Navigation of To-Day" an ideal work of its kind. It will give the reader a grounding in aeronautics, it is admirably illustrated with over seventy photographs and diagrams, well turned out, and withal, remarkable value for the money.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CIVIL ENGINEER. By C. O. Burge, M.Inst.C.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

If the lives of all civil engineers are as interesting as that of Mr. Burge has been, the profession must surely be one of the most attractive in the world. It is safe to say that the author has had more excitement and interest in his life than is found in the lives of five ordinary men put together. Of course, his profession has taken him all about the world; the sub-title—"Fifty Years on Five Continents"—hints at this. Even supposing that Mr. Burge had been an Irishman without a sense of humour, his book would have been worth reading. However, the most striking thing about it is the enormous number of anecdotes—which are by no means confined to engineering, but are upon every conceivable subject—which the author inserts with commendable regularity throughout the book. Most of them are new to us, and all are pointed and witty. The author tells them admirably, so admirably that his adventures do not stand the contrast so well as they should. Perhaps it is rather a pity that Mr. Burge should have been so wasteful of his material, which is sufficient to make two or three books, but the result has certainly been to make the one under notice readable and recommendable.

THE REAL FRANCIS-JOSEPH. By Henri de Weindel. Translated by Philip W. Sergeant. 15s. net. (Long.)

One may question the taste of much that is inserted in this book; one may, indeed, take leave to wonder whether a book about a living person in a prominent position is ever in good taste; but there can be no doubt that M. de Weindel has written "The Real Francis-Joseph" with considerable ability. The author is clearly prejudiced against the Emperor of Austria, and even when forced to praise, he does so grudgingly. The following passage will give an idea of his methods: "It must be admitted that the Emperor, while a shadow of his power remained his, tried to retrieve the mistakes which he had committed during forty years. The struggle of races could only be mitigated by reuniting the interests which they had in common. . . . Francis-Joseph recognised that nothing short of universal suffrage could bring about any amelioration of such a state of affairs and create a Parliament less unrepresentative of the totality of the nation. He obtained from Parliament itself the right of conferring popular suffrage." Even this faint praise is qualified on

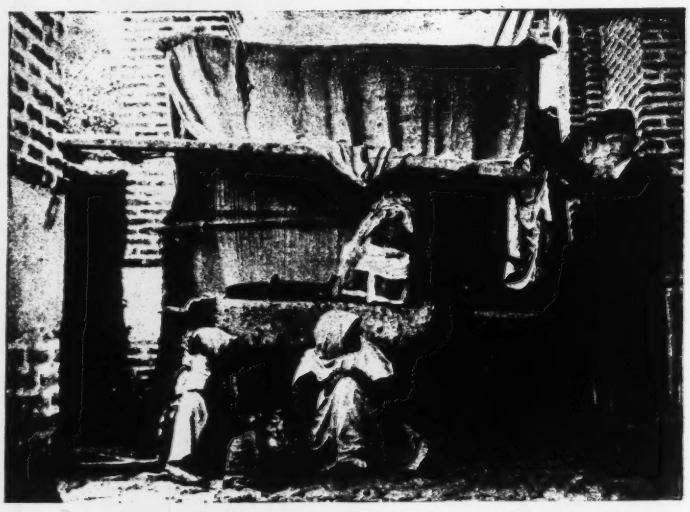
the next pages by the statements: "Unhappily, though universal suffrage has been granted to Austria, it has not been accorded to Hungary, and this has led to a continuance of the warfare between the two sections of the Empire"; and "All that we may hope for now, is that the end of Francis-Joseph's policy may not also mean the end of the Empire." The real interest of the book of course consists in the author's successful description of the human side of the Emperor, and in his sympathetic portrayal of the gracious figure of the late Empress. In a preface, it is stated that much information concerning "the romantic adventures—now farcical, sometimes comic, often tragic—of the Emperor," the Empress, and the Hapsburg family has been received from an inside source. An attempt has been made to heighten the illusion by writing much of the book in fictional form and by putting imaginary words into the mouths of the chief "characters," but we are bound to say that we are not greatly impressed by this style of writing. Nevertheless, though we do not approve of the book, it is impossible to deny its interest, while, thanks to Mr. Philip W. Sergeant's excellent translation—a model of how these things should be done—it is very readable. There are some forty good illustrations.

WIND O' THE WEST. By Arthur Lewis. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Arthur Lewis's poetry keeps an even but high level of achievement; it is always thoughtful, graceful, musical; no storm of passion blows through it, no thunderings and prophesyings from the profound break upon its quiet atmosphere. For Mr. Lewis's is a gentler Muse: he sings of the world's sorrows, of the mortality and the pathos and the bitterness of things, at times, but more often and at his best he sings of the happier life of earth, the freedom of the sea, the joyance of the wind, the magic of great silences, the beauty of the skies at night and morning, and the sweetness of flowers. In "Cairn-Burial" he strikes a note of deeper melancholy, and "The Sea-Casement" is flecked with the sombre lights and glooms of long waiting and hoping and hope again deferred; "Lake-Maiden" has something of the mystery and imaginative eeriness that make "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" a joy for ever; there is tenderness and charm in "The Vision" and in "Bending to Take," and enough of feeling and dainty fancy in others of the poems to make this a memorable little book.

THROUGH PERSIA. By F. B. Bradley-Birt. 12s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

The same attractive style and easy charm of narrative that characterised Mr. Bradley-Birt's studies of Indian life will be found in this record he has written of his overland journey home from India through Persia, up the Gulf to the Caspian. Persia has, so far, been only superficially influenced by European civilisation, and Mr. Bradley-Birt's impressions of the country and the people are curiously fascinating and often of profound interest, especially at this moment when that ancient people is simmering in revolt and the old order there would seem to be on the very verge of changing and giving place to new. The book has this fundamental advantage over the ordinary book of travel, that though it shows you an ancient Oriental race as they were seen by the eyes of an alien Westerner, that Westerner is no mere casual passer-by, but one who has spent ten years in the East as an Indian official, and has arrived at such an understanding of the mind of the Oriental that he can appreciate his outlook and sympathise with many of his ideals. Certainly this is one of the most interesting travel volumes of recent years; the reader shares the author's own feeling on nearing the close, and "it is with infinite regret that one realises that the end of the long land journey has come at last." Mr. Bradley-Birt has no remedy to suggest for the present political problems that are agitating Persia, but he is not without hope that the country may yet arise from her troubles and regain "something of the greatness and the splendour that once were hers." There is a good sketch map of the route followed and some thirty excellent photographic illustrations.



Making a Persian Carpet.
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The beauties of Nature and the beauties of literature, a blithe heart and an observant eye, have made the Rev. John Vaughan a contented man in a country parish, and have given to us a very attractive volume. **The Lighter Studies of a Country Rector** (5s. net) are studies of men, birds, flowers, and places; they are thoughtful and descriptive, informing and pleasant. The titles of a few of them will show something of their scope—"The Old Herb-Gatherers," "Selborne in Early Spring," "George Crabbe as a Botanist," "The Rector's Glebe," "A Pagan Burial-Ground," "The Birds of Dante," "Linnæus," "The Suffolk Shore." The book is admirably sincere and free from the modern affectation of thought and expression which has done so much during late years to bring even Nature into ridicule.

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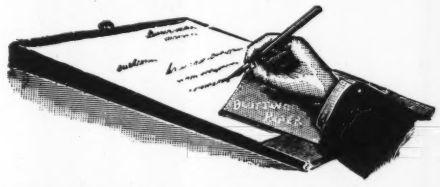

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